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LEVY FOR SENATOR

Carries Republican Caucus by Substantial Pluralities—H. W. Smith for Representative from Second District

The Republican caucuses on Thursday evening were the largest ever held in Newport, the attendance being so great that in the Second Representative District there were over fifty persons who were unable to get into the polling place before the hour for closing the polls and so were unable to vote. As many women as men were in the long lines strung along the streets waiting for their chance to vote in the five districts and the scene was a notable one.

It took a considerable time to count the votes after the polls were closed, the greatest interest centering in the choice of delegates to the Republican City Convention to nominate candidate for Senator. Senator Max Levy was opposed for re-nomination by Representative Frederick B. Coggeshall and in every district there were opposing delegates. As the return came in it was found that Mr. Coggeshall had carried the first and second districts and Mr. Levy the fourth and fifth. Then the interest centered in the third, which had the balance of power and when that was found to be for Levy, the Senator's followers were very jubilant.

A contest of almost equal magnitude was waged in the Second district to choose a candidate for Representative, the opponents being J. Alton Barker and Herbert W. Smith, both new men. Mr. Smith was the winner in this contest by nearly one hundred majority.

Long before the polls were opened the lines began to form in the first, second and third districts. Men and women all tried to be on hand early, but those who arrived at the hour set to begin the voting found that many had preceded them and the newcomers had to go far down the line to take their places. The largest crowd was in the second district, not only because that is the largest district but also because there was a double interest there over the Senatorial and Representative contest. By the time that the polls opened the line extended from the No. 4 Engine House to West Broadway, and a few minutes later it reached up West Broadway until it nearly reached Gould street. At no time during the evening did the end of the line approach the door of the voting place because of the constant additions that were made by newcomers, and when the closing hour, ten o'clock, struck more than fifty persons were still in line. Many more than this number would have voted if they could, as a great many came down to vote but upon seeing the conditions gave up the attempt. However, it is probable that those who could not vote were approximately evenly divided between the adherents of the two contestants.

Moderator James G. Swinburne and Clerks Edward P. Landers and Seward E. Williams were kept on the jump for three hours, and then had the task of counting the ballots. Mr. Tallman was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth, and Aquidneck Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M. of that town; of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and of Palestine Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine. He was also a member of Newpost Lodge of Elks and Woonsocket Shassitt Tribe of Red Men.

He is survived by a widow, and two sons—Messrs. Clifton B. Tallman and Vernon B. Tallman, the latter being employed in Worcester.

Funeral services were held at Emmanuel Church on Thursday afternoon and were attended by a large gathering of friends. Eureka Lodge of Portsmouth, Worshipful Master Charles G. Clarke, was in charge of the Masonic ceremonies, and Washington Commandery, Eminent Commander Henry A. Curtis, formed the escort. The interment was in the Portsmouth cemetery, the remains being escorted to Lake's Corner where automobiles were taken for the trip to Portsmouth.

fourth, which may place his name on the official ballot.

The vote in the second representative district stood 381 for Herbert W. Smith to 291 for J. Alton Barker. The vote in the Senatorial contest was as follows:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | Total |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| Levy | 109 | 330 | 254 | 205 | 179 | 1117 |
| Coggeshall | 144 | 342 | 224 | 78 | 33 | 820 |
| Totals | 253 | 672 | 518 | 283 | 212 | 1937 |

The delegates elected to the City Convention to be held on Friday evening were as follows:

First District—(Coggeshall) William F. Tripp, Walter Curry, William MacLeod, Mary E. DesR, Lawton, Philippine M. Arnold.

Second District—(Coggeshall) Thomas B. Congdon, W. Norman Sayer, Jackson Carter, Sarah L. Peckham, Emily K. McElroy.

Third District—(Levy) James P. Cozzens, William B. Franklin, Frederick P. Lee, Louise G. Green, Mary G. Berry.

Fourth District—(Levy) John T. Allan, Isabella M. Stark, Alexander MacLellan, Marie E. Allan, Karl Bosel.

Fifth District—(Levy) John Mahan, Andrew S. McElroy, James Brown, Grace C. McElroy, Grace B. Ross.

CHESTER B. TALLMAN

Mr. Chester B. Tallman, one of the best known citizens and business men of Newport, died very suddenly early Monday morning following a considerable period of ill health. He was on his way to his fish house, when he fell dead on the wharf. Medical aid was summoned, but death had occurred instantly. He had suffered a shock some months ago, and had been in poor health since then.

Mr. Tallman was born in Portsmouth and early engaged in fishing. More than a quarter century ago he came to Newport as agent for a Boston wholesale fish firm, and later engaged in business for himself, building up a large and successful enterprise. He was well known throughout the city and was greatly esteemed for his sterling characteristics. He was warm hearted and charitable in the extreme, and was always ready to lend a helping hand. Fond of the companionship of his fellows, he established the Hatchet Club many years ago, primarily as an organization of those engaged in the fishing industry, but many others joined to enjoy the circle of good fellowship.

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PORSCMOUTH

Mrs. Robert E. Manchester died suddenly at her home on East Main Road on Sunday morning. She arose in her usual health, but was suddenly taken with a shock and became unconscious. She died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. Mrs. Manchester was the daughter of the late Asa Coggeshall and Mrs. Lucy (Carr) Coggeshall, and lived nearly her whole life in this town. In early womanhood she married Mr. Robert E. Manchester, and to them was born one child, Laura. She is survived by her mother, husband, daughter, grandson (Robert), two brothers, William Henry and Eugene Coggeshall, and sister Nellie.

Mrs. Manchester was a member of St. Mary's Church. The funeral, which was private, was held from her residence on Wednesday at 12 o'clock. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Joseph Brazil was badly hurt in an accident on Sunday afternoon. While driving along the street he was struck by an automobile, which threw him out, breaking his leg in two places, bruising his head badly and generally shaking him up. He is under care of a physician.

Representative Fletcher W. Lawton was nominated in the first ward without opposition and Representative Herbert Bliss in the third. There were no printed tickets for Representative in the fourth and fifth, but there were scattering votes for William P. Kane, Jr., in the

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Arthur P. Sammer presided at the opening session of the Superior Court for Newport County on Monday. There appears to be a large amount of business for the Court and the session gives promise of being a long one. The first duty was the examination of candidates for the grand jury and eighteen men were sworn and retired with Assistant Attorney General Sisson to consider a large number of cases. Their report was not made until Tuesday, when seventeen indictments were returned.

While the grand jury was out, the docket was called and a large number of cases were assigned for trial at this session. In the afternoon, motions were heard in a number of cases.

On Tuesday there were hearings in a number of divorce cases, the following petitions being granted: Arthur Norman Musselman vs. Bertha Veronika Musselman, Jessie R. Copeland vs. Wright A. Copeland, John Joseph Dulenty vs. Mary Josephine Dulenty, Mary M. Cote vs. Edward Cote, Daisy Bell Hackley vs. Charles Edward Hackley, Ethel Dana Mulholland vs. John James Mulholland, Marie Elizabeth Murphy vs. Charles Daniel Murphy, Nellie L. Berry vs. George W. Berry, Valera Judy Meyer vs. Fred W. Meyer, Marion Leach Glenn vs. Clarence Berkeley Glenn, Augusta Dorothy McGrath vs. Howard W. McGrath, Ethel Mabel Fortier vs. Edward G. Fortier, Harriet C. Boyd vs. Charles E. Boyd.

On Wednesday a jury was empannelled to hear the case of State vs. Victor Deplitch, and testimony was begun, but at noon the plea was changed to nolo, and the case was continued for sentence.

There were no cases ready for trial on Thursday, and the morning and afternoon sessions were very brief. There will be no session of the Court next Tuesday, as that is a legal holiday—Columbus Day.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS

The Democratic State and District Conventions were held in Providence on Tuesday, when the following ticket for Presidential electors, Governor, State officers and Congressmen were put in nomination without opposition:

For Governor—Edward M. Sullivan of Cranston.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Miss Elizabeth Upham Yates of Providence.

For Attorney-General—Herbert L. Carpenter of Woonsocket.

For Secretary of State—Miss Helen J. Binning of Providence.

For General Treasurer—Michael N. Cartier of Providence.

For Presidential Electors—Richard B. Comstock, Providence; Thomas P. Haven, Providence; Mrs. Sarah L. Fitts, Providence; Lyman N. Cranston, Wakefield; Cora M. Barry, Woonsocket.

The Congressional ticket chosen is:

First District—Patrick J. Boyle of Newport.

Second District—Luigi De Pasquale of Providence.

Third District—Herve J. Lagace of Woonsocket.

A platform was adopted which declares for adequate provision by the public treasury for care of disabled service men.

Demands State constitutional convention for framing of new constitution.

Demands reform of State Senate, declaring it "in conflict with principles of representative government."

Demands abolition of property qualifications for voters.

Favors budget system for State finances.

Demands conditions at State institutions.

Demands manner in which State highway department has been handled.

Demands "machine politics" in election of judiciary and calls for election of judges by people or appointment by the Governor.

Favors State participation in reorganization of trolley properties.

There were many women delegates present from all parts of the State, and the sex was honored by the appointment of one of the number for Lieutenant-Governor, one for Secretary of State, and two for Presidential electors.

The First District Convention was presided over by John H. Green, Jr., of Newport. Hon. Patrick J. Boyle of Newport was put in nomination for Congressman by the Hon. P. J. Murphy of Newport, in an eloquent oration which was received with much applause. In all the Conventions the utmost harmony prevailed.

Three weeks from next Tuesday will be election day. The women of Newport will then have their first opportunity to cast their ballots in a regular election. Their influence will be felt, as there are women workers in each ward who are doing their best to educate the new voters in the method of balloting.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

Congressman Burdick Nominated Unanimously

The Republican State and District Conventions were held in Providence on Wednesday. Every town and city in the State was fully represented. There were no contests, the utmost harmony prevailing. The following State and Congressional ticket was unanimously nominated:

For Governor—Emery J. San Souci of Providence.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Col. Harold J. Gross of Providence.

For Attorney-General—Herbert A. Rice of Providence.

For Secretary of State—J. Fred Parker of Providence.

For General Treasurer—Richard W. Jennings of Cranston.

For Presidential Electors—Harold A. Branam, Providence; Date W. Flint, Cranston; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Sturges, Providence; Edward A. Sherman, Newport; and Darius Goff, Pawtucket.

For Congress:

First District—Clark Burdick of Newport.

Second District—Walter R. Stilness of Warwick.

Third District—Ambrose Kennedy of Woonsocket.

The platform which was adopted criticizes lack of preparedness for war and peace of Democratic national administration.

Opposes League of Nations as presented to the Senate by President Wilson.

Welcomes women to full suffrage and recites party's record on suffrage in this State.

Commends administration of Governor Beeckman and handling of State finances.

Favors continued building and improvement of public roads.

Endorses Americanization, parole, juvenile court and other laws.

Invites critical consideration of State Institutions and defends their administration.

Promises careful consideration and efficient administration of public affairs.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman of Newport was one of the committee on Platform.

Governor Beeckman was introduced to the Convention and made a stirring address. After thanking the people of Rhode Island, through the delegates there assembled, for the hearty support they had given his administration during the past six years that he had been the chief executive of the State, he further stated that he was not opposed to "League of Nations, but that he was opposed to Mr. Wilson's League of Nations."

He attacked Article X of the League Covenant, declaring that the League could tell the United States when it must go to war under that article.

He declared that before the war there were 36,000 civil employees of the Government and that during the war the number rose to 119,000.

"Since the close of the war the number has been cut only to 100,000," he declared. The Governor cited this as an example of what he called the "profligate waste" of the Democratic National administration.

The State Central Committee chosen had the following members from Newport City and County:

Newport—Mrs. Irene Levy and John Mahan.

Middletown—Edward A. Brown and Agnes B. Ward.

Portsmouth—Arthur A. Sherman and Mrs. John M. Eldredge.

Little Compton—F. A. B. Badginton and Dorothy Martin.

Jamestown—Preston E. Peckham and Susan T. Hull.

Tiverton—George R. Lawton and Mrs. Ruth J. Barker.

New Shoreham—Ray G. Lewis and Miss Isabel Gillespie.

The First Congressional District Convention was presided over by William P. Shefield of Newport, and Congressman Burdick was put in nomination by David B. Allen of Newport, who made a very pleasing and eulogistic address. The nomination of Congressman Burdick was made unanimously and with much enthusiasm. Mr. Burdick was called before the Convention and made a very interesting address, explaining his action on some of the important questions that have come before Congress during his term of service.

The local Democratic party will put a ticket in each of the five representative districts in Newport this year, contrary to their usual custom. In the First district the Democratic nominee for the House of Representatives is George M. deFray, in the Second Richard R. Scott, in the Third William Herbert Sisson, in the Fourth William A. Maher, and in the Fifth James J. Martin. Messrs. Maher and Martin are members of the present Legislature.

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The local electrical workers union has voted to protest against the proposed increase in rates to the Newport County Electric Company.

WEBSTER - MAN'S MAN

by Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

are in order, old son, suppose you complete the job and introduce yourself. I'm always suspicious of a man with an alias."

"Then behold the death of that innocent fellow Andrew Bowers, late valet de-chambre to this eminent mining engineer and prince of gentlemen, Mr. John Stuart Webster. Doctor Pacheco, will you be good enough to perform the operation?"

"This gentleman," said the doctor, laying his hand on Andrew's shoulder, "is Don Ricardo Luis Huey, a gentleman, a patriot, and the future president of our unhappy country."

Webster put his hands on the young man's shoulders. "Ricardo, my son," he asked earnestly, "do you think you could give me some little hint of the approximate date on which you will assume office? By the nine gods of war, I never wanted a friend at court so badly as I want one tonight!"

Webster sat down and helped himself from a box of cigars he found on Ricardo's bureau. "I feel I am among friends at last," he announced between preliminary puffs "so listen while I spin a strange tale. I've been the pleasure of bad luck ever since I started for this infernal—this wonderful country of yours. In New Orleans I took

Sunday morning stroll in Jackson square and came across two men trying to knife another. In the interest of common decency I interfered and won a sweeping victory, but to my amazement the prospective corpse took to his heels and advised me to do the same—"

Ricardo Huey sprang for John Stuart Webster. "By George," he said in English. "I'm going to hug you, too. I really ought to kiss you, because I'm that man you saved from assassination, but—too long in the U. S. A., I suppose; I've lost the customs of my country."

"Get out," yelled Webster, pulling him off. "By the way, Ricardo—I'm going to call you Rick for short—do you happen to have any relatives in this country?"

"Yes, a number of second and third cousins."

"Coming down on the steamer, I didn't like to appear curious, but all the time I wanted to ask you one question."

"Ask it now."

"Are you a Sobrantean?"

"I was born in this country and raised here until I was fourteen."

"But you're—why, hang it, You're not a Latin?"

"No, I'm a mixture, with Latin predominating. My forebears were pure Castilians from Madrid, and crossed the Western ocean in caravels. It's been a matter of pride with the house of Huey to keep the breed pure, but despite all precautions, the family tree has been grafted once with a Scotch thistle, twice with the lily of France, and once with the shamrock of Ireland. My mother was an Irish woman."

"You will yourself perfectly, Ricardo, and my curiosity is appeased. Permit me to continue my tale," he added in Spanish, and forthwith he related with humorous detail his adventure at the gunspike of the steamer that had borne him and Ricardo Huey south. Ricardo interrupted him. "We know all about that, friend Webster, and we knew the two delightful gentlemen had been told off to get you—unofficially. The Sobrantean revolutionary junta has headquarters in New Orleans. It is composed of political exiles, for Sarros, the present dictator of Sobrante, rules with an iron hand, and has a cute little habit of railroading his enemies to the cemetery via the treason charge and the firing squad. He killed my father, who was the best president this benighted country ever had, and I consider it my Christian duty to avenge my father and a patriotic duty to take up the task he left unfinished—the task of uniting over my country."

"In Sobrante, as to most of the countries in Central America, there are two distinct classes of people—the aristocrats and peons—and the aristocrat fattens on the peon, as he has had a habit of doing since Adam. We haven't any middle class to stand as a buffer between the two—which makes it a sad proposition. My father was an idealist and a dreamer and he dreamed of reform in government and a solution of the agrarian problem which confronts all Latin-America. He trusted one Pablo Sarros, an educated peon, who had commanded the government forces under the regime of my father overthrown. My tender-hearted parent discovered that Sarros was plotting to overthrow him; but instead of having him shot, he merely removed him from command. Sarros gathered a band of bandits, joined the old government forces my father had conquered, hired a couple dozen Yankee artillerymen and—he won out. My father was captured and executed; the palace was burned, and my sister perished in the flames. I'm here to pay off the score."

"A worthy ambition! So you organized the revolutionary junta in New Orleans, eh?"

Ricardo nodded. "Word of it reached Sarros, and he sent his brother Raoul, chief of the intelligence bureau, to investigate and report. As fast as he reported, Colonel Caraveo reported to me. My father's son possesses a name to conjure with. Consequently it was to the interest of the Sarros administration that I be eliminated. They

watched every boat; hence my scheme for eluding their vigilance—which, thanks to you, worked like charm."

"But," Webster complained, "I'm not fitting in the game at all, and yet I'm caught between the upper and nether millstones."

"That is easy to explain. You interfered that morning in Jackson square; then Raoul Sarros met you going aboard the steamer for Buenaventura and you manhandled him, and naturally, putting two and two together, he has concluded that you are not only his personal enemy but also a friend and protector of mine and consequently an enemy of the state."

"And as a consequence I'm marked for slaughter!"

"It would be well, my friend," Doctor Pacheco suggested, "to return to the United States until after Ricardo and his friends have eliminated your Neophytes."

"How soon will that happy event transpire?"

"In about sixty days we hope to be ready to strike, Mr. Webster."

Colonel Caraveo cleared his throat. "I understand from Ricardo that you and another American are interested in a mining concession, Mr. Webster."

Webster nodded.

"In this a concession from a private landholder or did your friend secure it from the Sarros government?"

"From the government. We pay ten per cent royalty, on a ninety-nine-year lease, and that's all I know about it. I have never seen the property, and my object in coming was to examine it and, if satisfied, finance the project."

"If you will return to your hotel, my dear sir," Colonel Caraveo suggested, "and remain there until noon tomorrow, I feel confident I can guarantee you immunity from attack thereafter. I have a plan to influence my associates in the Intelligence office."

"Hullo for you, Colonel. Give me six days in which to operate, and I'll have finished my job in Sobrante and gotten out of it before that gang of cut-throats wakes up to the fact that I'm gone. I thank you, sir."

"The least we can do, since you have saved Ricardo's life and rendered our cause a great service, is to save your life," Colonel Caraveo replied.

"This is more comfort than I had hoped for when I came here, gentle-ment. I am very grateful, I assure you. Of course this little revolution you're cooking up is no affair of mine, and I trust I need not assure you that your confidence is quite safe with me."

The Doctor and the Colonel immediately rose and bowed like a pair of matronesses. Webster turned to Ricardo.

"Have you had any experience in revolutions, my son?" he asked.

Ricardo nodded. "I realized I had to have experience, and so I went to Mexico. I was with Madero through the first revolution."

"How are you arming your men?"

"Mannishers. I've got 20,000,000 rounds of cartridges, 25 machine guns, and a dozen three-inch field guns. I have also engaged 200 American ex-soldiers to handle the machine guns and the battery. These rascals cost me \$3 a day gold, but they're worth it; they like fighting and will go anywhere to get it—and are faithful!"

"You are secretly mobilizing in the mountains, eh?" Webster rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Then I take it you'll attack Buenaventura when you strike the first blow?"

"Quite right. We must capture a seaport if we are to revolute successfully."

"I'm glad to know that. I'll make it my business to be up in the mountains at the time. I'm for peace, every rat-tle out of the box. Gentlemen, you've cheered me wonderfully. I will now go home and leave you to your evil machinations; and, the good Lord and the Jiggers willing, I shall yet glean a night's sleep."

He shook hands all around and took his departure.

Mother Jenks was waiting for Webster at the foot of the stairs. He paused on the threshold.

"Mrs. Jenks," he said. "Billy tells me you have been very kind to him. I want to tell you how much I appreciate it and that I stand willing to reciprocate any time you are in need."

Mother Jenks fingered her heart and reflected. "Are you not Miss Dolores Huey, sir?" she queried.

"You ward? Yes?"

"One does the lamb strike you, Mr. Webster?"

"I have never met many women; I have known few intimately; but I should say that Miss Dolores Huey is the marvel of her sex. She is as beautiful as she is good, and is as intelligent as she can be."

"She's a lady, sir." Mother Jenks affirmed proudly. "An' I done it. You can see with a lyde wot I am—but for all that, I've done my duty by her. From the day my sainted Enery—she was a colonel of bartenders under President Hayes—left the country—hesitated from the 'mornin' when er an' told me to raise er a lyde for the syke of her father, as was the finest gentleman this rotten country'll ever see, she's been my guidin' star. She's self-supportin' now, but still I ain't done, my whole dooty by her. I want to see er married to a gentle-man as'll maintaun er like a lyde."

"Well, Mrs. Jenks, I think you will live to see that worthy ambition attained. Mr. Geary is head over heels in love with her."

"Aye, Willie's a nice lad—I could wish no better; but wot 'e's got from you, an' where'll he be if 'e mae doesn't py big? Now, with you, sir, it's different. You're a bit older, Billy, an' more settled—an' serious; you're made yer fortune, so Willie tells me, an' not to go beath' about the bally bush, I s'ys, wot's the matter with you an' her steppin' over the broomstick together? You might go a bloomkin' sight farther an' fare worse."

"Too old, my dear schemer, too old!" John Stuart replied smugly. "And she's in love with Billy. Don't worry. If he doesn't make a go of this mining concession, I'll take care of his finances until he can do so himself. I do not mind telling you, in strictest confidence, that I have

made my will and divided my money equally between them."

"Gord bless you, for a sweet, kind gentleman," Mother Jenks gulped, quite overcome with emotion.

Hastily Webster bade Mother Jenks good night and hurried away to escape a discussion on such a delicate topic with Billy's blunt and single-minded landlady. His mind was in a tumult. So it was that he paid no attention to vehicle that jogged by him with the cochero sagging low in his seat, half asleep over the reins, until I quiet command from the closed interior brought the vehicle to an abrupt halt, half a block in advance of Webster.

Save for an arc light at each end of the block, the Calle de Concordia was dim; save for Webster, the carriage and the two men who fled hurriedly out at the rear of the conveyance, the Calle de Concordia was devoid of life. Webster saw one of the men hurriedly toss a colt to the cochero; with a fervent "Gracias, mi capitán," the driver clucked to his horse, turned the corner into the Calle Ellendondo and disappeared, leaving his two passengers facing Webster and calmly awaiting his approach. He was within 20 feet of them when the taller of the two men spoke.

"Good evening, my American friend. This meeting is a pleasure we scarcely hoped to have so soon. For the same who are indebted to Lieutenant Arredondo, who happened to look back as we passed you, and recognized you under the arc light."

Webster halted abruptly; the two Soberante officers stood smiling and evidently enjoying his discomfiture. Each carried a service revolver in a closed holster fastened to his sword belt, but neither had as yet made a move to draw—seeing which, Webster felt sufficiently reassured to accept the unwelcome situation with a grace equal to that of his enemies.

"What? You two bad little boys up this late! I'm surprised," he replied in Spanish. He folded his arms, struck an attitude and surveyed them as might an indignant father. "You kids have been up to some mischief!" he added, as his right hand closed over the butt of his automatic, where it lay snagged in the open holster, under his left arm, between his shirt and coat.

"Can it be possible you are going to take advantage of superior numbers and the fact that you are both armed, to force me into a duel on your terms, my don Captain Benavides?"

By a deferential bow, the unwholesome Benavides indicated that such were his intentions. "Then," said Webster, "as the challenged party I have the choice of weapons. I choose pistols."

"At what range?" the lieutenant asked with mock interest.

"As we stand at present. I'm armed. Pull your hardware, you pretty pair of polcats, and see if you can beat me to the draw."

Captain Benavides' jaw dropped slightly; with a quiet, deliberate motion his hand stole to his holster-flap. Lieutenant Arredondo wet his lips and glanced so apprehensively at his companion that Webster was aware that here was a situation not to his liking.

"You should use an open holster," Webster taunted. "Come, come—unbutton that holster-flap and get busy."

Benavides' hand came away from the holster. He was not the least bit frightened, but his sense of proportion in matters of this kind was undergoing a shake-up.

"In disposing of any enemy in a gun fight, so professional killer once informed me," Webster continued, "it is a good plan to put your first bullet anywhere in the abdomen; the shock of a bullet there paralyzes your opponent for a few seconds and prevents him from returning the compliment, and in the interim you blow his brains out while he lies looking at you. I have never had any practical experience in matters of this kind, but I don't mind telling you that if I must practice on somebody, the good Lord will not provide for breakfast?"

He released her hand and favored her with the boyish grin that always had the effect of stripping the years from him as one strips the husk from a ripe ear of corn. She was grinning at him wide-eyed amazement.

"Is my brother really alive?"

"He was as late as midnight last night. Do you recall the chap I saved from being assassinated in New Orleans?"

"Yes."

"Your worthy brother. And do you recall the chauffeur whose passage to this part I was forced to pay?"

"Yes."

"The same individual. I sent him ashore in the launch with Billy, and he has been housed at El Buen Amigo but left early this morning for the back country to open a recruiting office."

She reached across the little table and squeezed his big brown hand impulsively. "You're the most wonderful man I ever knew. And does my poor brother know I am living, Mr. Webster?"

"No—and I'm not going to tell him. I think it will be much better to restore you to each other on the steps of the government palace on the day when the Huey factor comes into its own again. That will make his victory all the sweeter. By the way, where was Rito when your father's ship of state went on the rocks?"

"At school in a military academy in Kentucky."

"It is a marvelous mix-up, which Ricardo can doubtless explain, Miss Riley. I know he believes his sister perished with her father. Mother Jenks didn't know where he was and couldn't communicate with him—and there you are. However, little old Jack Fix-it will bring you together again in due course. Is the interim, how about those eggs? Straight up—or slip 'em?"

She beamed across at him. "We are going to be such good, true friends, aren't we?" she urged. He almost shivered, but managed a hypocritical nod. "While we have only known each other twenty-four hours, it seems a great deal longer than that—probably because Billy has told me so much about you, and you're so comfortable and easy to get acquainted with, and I can't very well express my gratitude for what you've done—for what you're going to do." Her voice faltered; she smiled roguishly through the tears of her emotion. "If I were only Billy, now, I could put my arm across your shoulders and settle the matter by saying: 'Johnny, you old horse thief, you're all right!'"

He helped himself to Arredondo's gun, flipped out the cylinder, and slipped all six cartridges into his palm. Similarly he disarmed Benavides, expressed his regret that circumstances had rendered it imperative to use force, and strolled blithely down the calle. In the darkened patio he groped along the wall until he found the swinging rope by which he had descended from his room—whereupon he removed his shoes, tied the laces together, slung them around his neck, drew his toes into the adobe wall and

climbed briskly to his room.

The next morning Webster waited until Dolores appeared and then accompanied her into the dining room for breakfast.

"Well, how did you pass your first night in Buenaventura?" she inquired, with the manufacture of breakfast conversation.

"Not very well. Jiggers bit me and woke me up, and finally I fell into a trance and had a vision—about you. After that I couldn't go to sleep again. I was fairly bursting to see you at breakfast and read your palms. I've just discovered a wonderful system."

"Show me," she flashed back at him and she extended her little hand. He picked it up gently and with the dull tone of a farce made a great show of tracing the lines on her palm.

"You are about twenty-four years old, and your ancestors were pure-bred Castilians who came from Madrid, crossing the Atlantic in caravels. Ever since the first Huey landed on this coast the family has been identified with the government of the country in one way or another. When you were quite a little girl, your father, Don Ricardo Huey, at that time president of Sobrante, failed to suppress a revolution and was cornered in the government palace, which was set afire."

"Through the bravery and devotion of a cockney gentleman, Colonel Henry Jerome, an artillery officer in your father's army, you were saved from perishing in the burning palace. Colonel Jenks turned you over to his spouse, now known as Mother Jenks, with instructions to raise you a lydy, and Mother Jenks has carried out those instructions. Colonel Jenks and your father were exonerated, and Mother Jenks sent you to the United States to be educated. You had a brother, Ricardo Luis Huey, older than yourself by seven or eight years, I should judge. In some mysterious manner you and your brother lost track of each other, and at the present moment he believes you perished in the flames that gutted the government palace."

"You are of a proud, independent nature; you work at something for living, and insist on it, and when you haven't been able to set aside a great deal of money from your earnings, you are planning to terminate your visit to your native land at an early date and return to the United States for the purpose of getting back to work. These plans, however, will never be consummated."

"Why? Because you are to be married to a nice man and live happily ever afterward, and about sixty days from now, if all goes well, I, John S. Webster, am going to introduce you to your long-lost brother Ricardo. You will first see Ricardo riding at the head of his victorious rebel troops as he enters Buen

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WEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.

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THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

When the brightness of the day has worn off, the sun goes down and plan our rest when work is done. Let us linger in the twilight hours and talk of joys the sun brings and plan our rest when work is done. While the weary heart renew its faith and power.

It's the time when recollection and anticipation meet, For the past and future mingle, and the draught is very sweet. Oh, we cannot then feel lonely, there's a glamour over all. If a friend sits where the shadows fall.

When the glow of life has dimmed away, before the dark creeps on, Let us linger in the twilight hours and talk of joys the sun brings and plan our rest when work is done. Without the chill of doubt or hint of tears.

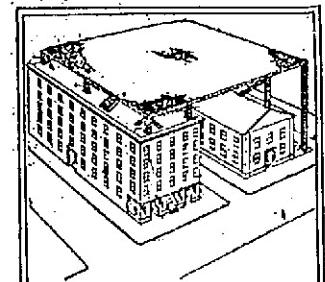
It's the time when recollection and anticipation meet, For the past and future mingle, and the draught is very sweet. Oh, we cannot then feel lonely, though alone we must embark. For we know we have a friend beyond the Dark.

CITY LANDING FOR AIRPLANE

Stage on House-top is Plan Devised by Hartford Man, and It Seems Feasible.

Obviously some means must be provided whereby flying machines will be enabled to make a start or a landing in thickly-populated places. The human bird requires city perches.

A Hartford man, John A. Caulkins, proposes to solve the problem by erecting, on top of high buildings, or groups of buildings, "landing stages" of inexpensive construction, light in weight and so elastic as to meet comfortably the shock of arriving planes.



Landing Stage for Airplanes.

Such a landing stage would be supported by little columns. Its horizontal framework would be of girders and cables, overlaid by a flooring of metal lath and a surface sheet of heavy wire net. This elastic floor has the incidental advantage of not gathering snow or ice. At the same time, it is sufficiently firm and substantial for the purpose contemplated and perfectly good to walk on. Mr. Caulkins' plan would, he says, afford ample landing facilities for airplanes of the present type.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Steel Rail Easily Weakened.

A steel rail on the Great Northern railway in England broke into 17 pieces, causing a serious accident. A committee of the board of trade appointed to investigate the cause of the breakage, made an interesting report and the investigation led to several discoveries of practical importance. Among these was the surprising effect of cracks in the upper surfaces of rails. It was found by experiment that a rail nicked across with a chisel to a depth of one-sixty-fourth of an inch broke under a weight of 600 pounds falling from a height of 12 feet, while the same rail not nicked resisted the fall of a ton weight from a height of 20 feet.

Worth While Innovations.

There were two things my friend on the liner returning from Italy would really like to introduce into the States. One was that Marshal who—say, that's some stuff, say, if I was a drinking man I could sure set my cork a bobbin' on that stuff. And the other was orange juice on the strawberries. Say, that's great. I'm going to tell my wife about that done. Just a little orange juice and a little sugar; and I know what she'll say: "All right, you got more things in your old head than the comb'll take out, haven't you?"—Stark Young in the New Republic.

Lightning Butchers Flock of Sheep.

A jarring crash of lightning interrupted the rest of two herdsmen recently as they slept near their flock of 1,250 sheep on the range above the American Fork canyon, in north central Utah. A hurried walk of some 200 feet brought them to their charges, declares Popular Science Magazine. Striking the close-gathered flock, the lightning had cut two wide swaths, about 250 sheep in each. Between these swaths and on either side, the animals were not touched.

Adaptable Cook.

Mrs. Brogan—The people next door are very fortunate with their cook.

Mrs. Grogan—I have they had her a long time?

Mrs. Brogan—No, but she's a golf fiend and the master goes out every morning and plays golf with her, thus getting an early breakfast.—Houston Post.

WEBSTER MAN'S MAN

Continued from Page 2
In the world to save. Now, listen; you tell me the name of the film-film artist that got you into this deal, and when I get back to the United States I'll investigate the company; if it's an out-and-out swindle, I'll take that promoter by the throat and choke your money out of him, the scoundrel! It is just these fly-by-night fellows that ruin the finest gambling game in the world and scare off investors in legitimate mining propositions."

"Oh, you mustn't—really, Caliph. He's an old man, and I only did it to help him out."

"There should be no sentiment in business, Miss Ruey."

"Oh, well, let's be cheerful and hopeful, Caliph, and discuss a more important subject."

She was very serious now, for by her meddling she had, she realized, so arranged matters that at a time when John Stuart Webster's very life depended upon his immediate departure from Buena Vista, he was planning to stay and face the music, just to be obstinate. "You must reconsider your decision to remain in this country," she insisted. "Your life may be the price of liberty of action, you know. Isn't Billy capable of developing the mine after you advance the cash?"

"I wouldn't advance him a cent for his mine until I had investigated it myself."

"Then you should make some arrangements to safeguard yourself while making the investigation, and leave Sobrante immediately thereafter. Is that a sensible proposition?"

"Very—it felt like leaving Sobrante. But I do not. If that mining concession is a potential winner, I'll have to stick around and make a winner out of it before I go away and leave Bill in charge. Besides, I'm worried about Bill. He's full of malarial fever, and last night I got thinking about him and decided to send him back to the Colorado mountains for a few months. I want some regular doctors to work on Bill so he'll be fit when he gets back on the job."

As a matter of fact, this plan of sending Billy to the United States had but that moment occurred to Jack Webster; he reflected now that this plan was little short of an inspiration. It would give Billy and Dolores an opportunity to marry and have a honeymoon; it would leave him free of her disturbing presence, and enable him to leave Sobrante when the Gearys should return. He resolved to speak to Billy about it.

Dolores' voice broke in upon his culling reflections. "But Billy tells me you already have a fortune sufficient for the needs of a caliph without a court. Why risk your precious life to acquire more? Money isn't everything in life."

"No, but the game is."

"What game? Mining?"

"The game of life."

"But this is the game of death."

"Which makes life all the sweeter if I can beat the game. Perhaps I can better illustrate my point of view with a story. Some years ago I was sent to Arizona to examine a mining property and report upon it; if I advised its purchase, my principals were prepared to buy at my valuation. Well, when I arrived, I found a miserable shanty close to a shaft and dump, and in the shanty I found a weather-beaten couple. The woman was probably forty but looked fifty. The man had never been anything but a hard-rock miner—\$3 a day had been the limit of his earnings in any one day until he stumbled on some float, traced it up, and located the claim I was there to examine and try to buy.

"His wife had been a miner's daughter, knowing nothing but drudgery and poverty and continuing that existence after marriage. For 20 years she had been darnin' her husband's socks, washing his clothes, and cooking his meals. Even after they uncovered the ledge, it wasn't worth any more than the country rock to men unless they could sell it, because the man had neither the money nor the ability to develop it himself. He even lacked the ability to sell it, because it requires real ability to unload any kind of a mine for \$1,000,000, and real nerve on the part of the man who buys. I examined the mine, decided it was cheap at \$1,000,000, and so reported to my principals. They wired me to close, and so I took a \$60 day option in order to verify the title."

"Well, time passed, and one bright day I rode up to that shanty with a deed and a certified check for \$1,000,000 in my pocket; whereupon I discovered the woman had had a change of heart and bucked over the traces. No, sir! She would not sign that there deed—and inasmuch as the claim was community property, her signature was vitally necessary. She asked me so many questions, however, as to the size of the stamp mill we would install and how many miners would be employed on the job, that finally I saw the light and tried shot in the dark. "My dear Mrs. Skaggs," I said, "if you'll sign this deed and save us all a lot of litigation over this option you and your husband have given me, I'll do something handsome. I will on my word of honor—I'll give the exclusive boarding house privilege at this mine."

"And what did she say, Caliph?"

"She said: 'Give me the pen, Mr. Webster, and please excuse my handwriting; I'm that nervous in business matters!'

Dolores' silvery laughter rippled through the room. "But I don't see the point," she protested.

"We will come to it presently. I was merely explaining one person's point of view. You would not, of course, expect me to have the same point of view as Mrs. Skaggs of Arizona."

"Certainly not."

"All right! Listen to this! In 1907, at the height of the boom times in Goldfield, Nev., I was worth \$1,000,000. On the first day of October I could have cashed in my mining stocks for \$1,000,000—and I had a lot of cash in bank, too. But I'd always worked so

hard and been poor so long that my wealth didn't mean anything to me. I wanted the exclusive privilege of more slavery, and so I staked a copper prospect, which later I discovered to consist of uncounted acres of country rock and about \$25 worth of copper stain. In order to save \$100 I did my assessment work, drove a pick into my foot, developed blood poison, went to the hospital, and was nice and helpless when the pants came along the middle of the month. The bank went bust, and my ready cash went with it; I couldn't give my mining stocks away. Everybody knew I was a pauper—everybody but the doctor. He persisted in regarding me as a millionaire and sent me a bill for \$5,000."

"How perfectly outrageous! Why, Caliph, I would have let him sue me."

"I would have, too—but I didn't. I induced him to settle for \$100,000 shares of stock in my copper prospect. The par value was \$1 a share, and I was going to sell a block at 10 cents, but in view of his high professional standing I let him have it for a nickel a share. I imagine he still has it. I bought back later all the other stock I sold, because the property was worthless, and in order to be a sport I offered him \$600 for his block, but he thought I was trying to swindle him and asked \$5,000."

"Oh, Caliph!"

"Wonderful game, isn't it—this game of life. So sweet when a fellow's taking chances! Now that I am fairly prosperous again, the only thing in life that really matters is the uncertainty as to whether, when finally I do leave Sobrante, I shall ride to the steamship landing in a hack or a carriage."

"But you could go in a hack this morning and avoid that uncertainty."

"The millionnaire drudge I told you of could have gone to live in a pretty villa on the Riviera, but she chose a mother's boarding house."

"Then why," she persisted, "did you leave the United States with the firm intention of remaining in Sobrante indefinitely, change your mind before you were here eight hours, and cable this Neddy Jerome person you would return in 60 or 90 days—and the following morning decide to remain, after all?"

"My dear young lady, if I changed my clothes as often as I change my mind, the what-you-may-call-'em chaps that manufacture a certain brand of clothes couldn't keep me dressed."

"But why?"

"That," he answered gravely, "is a secret."

"Women delight to pry into men's secrets."

"I know it. Find a friend once-married. Every night after dinner he used to sit and stare into the fire and his wife used to ask him what he was thinking about. He would look up at her owlishly and tell her it was something he couldn't explain to her, because she'd never understand it—and that was all he would tell her, although right frequently, I dare say, he fell like telling her some things she could understand?" She brooked over his secret until she couldn't stand it any more, and one day she packed her dolls and flew home to mother. He let her stay there three months, and finally one day he sent her a blue plait of what he'd been thinking about."

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Newport, R. I.

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While the State of Ohio is pluming herself on the fact that she will have the next President of the United States, the City of Newport can with equal certainty boast that the next Congressman for the first district of Rhode Island will reside within her borders.

Mayor Gainer has been nominated for Mayor of Providence, and Daniel E. Geary as the Democratic candidate for State Senator from that city. The Republican candidate for Senator is Herbert F. Sherwood, the son of David F. Sherwood, a gentleman well known in Newport.

"Only two States thus far show a decrease in population over the census of 1910. These are Vermont and Mississippi. The population of the latter state is 7932 less than ten years ago. This has been brought about by the migration of the colored people to more congenial localities in the North."

Times have changed. A few years ago the Democrats of Rhode Island in the General Assembly balloted sixty days to elect Robert H. Ives Goddard, a Democrat, a United States Senator. On Wednesday, in the Republican State Convention, one of the active members was Robert H. Ives Goddard.

Newport carried off many honors in the Republican State and District Conventions on Wednesday, one of which was the choice of the general publisher of the Daily News as one of the Presidential Electors. We congratulate Colonel Sherman on his appointment. He is deserving of the position or any other political honors he may aspire to.

A saloon keeper in Hoboken, N. J., the other day by some means or other, yet unexplainable by the authorities, got arrested for selling liquor. His plea was "Everybody is selling booze, why shouldn't I?" That seems to be the condition in most of the large cities. If any one wants to get drunk, he has ample opportunity. It may cost him a little more; that is all.

The straw votes that are coming in from every State in the Union, still keep Harding and Coolidge far in the lead. That ticket has a majority in every Northern and Western State, and in many of them the vote is two to one, in favor of that side. They still have a majority in Maryland. The rest of the Southern States, still true to Democracy and the suppression of the negro vote, give a majority to Cox and Roosevelt.

Four years ago there were 8,538,

221 votes cast for Hughes for President, and 9,129,606 for Wilson, giving Wilson a plurality of 591,385 votes. That means nothing, however, as this plurality was obtained in the South where the negro vote is suppressed and the white partisans of Democracy can make that majority whatever they choose. In many of the Southern States, if the negroes were allowed to vote as they please and have that vote honestly counted, the Democratic majority would entirely disappear. In the North, the electoral vote of New Hampshire went to Wilson by 25 plurality, on a vote of 87,502. California, through Senator Johnson's disaffection, went Democratic by 38,006 plurality, on a vote of 928,504. Johnson carried the State by over 200,000 majority. California will vote straight this year, and it is conceded by the opposite party that its electoral vote will be cast for Harding and Coolidge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEES

The two candidates for Congress from this District are both citizens of Newport, Hon. Clark Burdick on the Republican ticket, and Hon. Patrick J. Boyle, the Democratic candidate. Both are good citizens and both popular with the people of this city, as evidenced by the many times each has been elected to office. Were the personal character and popularity of the two men simply to be considered, it might be difficult for the voter to decide as to a choice. But there are other matters besides personal popularity for the citizens of Newport and the entire district to consider. First and foremost is the question who can be of greater service to his constituents. If experience is worth anything, then Mr. Burdick's one term in Congress will enable him to accomplish more during his second term than can any new man, however able he may be. Second, it is as certain as anything in the future can be, that the next National House of Representatives will have a much larger Republican majority than has the present Con-

gress. In that case it should be perfectly plain to everyone that a man in harmony with that majority can accomplish much more than a man opposed to it. That is another and a very important reason why the people of this District should vote for Mr. Burdick.

There are many matters of great importance in which the City and State are deeply concerned, to come before Congress in the next two years. In fact, no section of the country is more vitally interested in the action of Congress than is Newport. Under the hostile Democratic administration of the last eight years we have suffered much. The matters are too numerous to mention. With a Republican President, a Republican Senate and a Republican House of Representatives, many of these matters will be remedied. With the Solid South that has been in the saddle unbroken, the North will come into its own once more. We must be in harmony with the forces that will control the Nation for the next four years. It will, therefore, be a matter of good business, as well as of the highest importance to the people of Newport, to send back to Washington the man who has served his constituents faithfully, intelligently and successfully during the past two years, the Hon. Clark Burdick.

THE GOVERNMENT AS AN EMPLOYER

The Democratic party claims to stand for the interest of the working masses. Before wage earners accept that claim, it would be well to see what results working people have got when employed by the government departments, which for seven years have been in control of the Democratic party.

The federal employees are the worst paid workers in the country. The postal service is seething with discontent as result of low wages. Back in 1904, the percentage of government employees who voluntarily left the service was 65 per cent. During the first half of the past fiscal year, it was 33 per cent.

The government departments are in a deplorable state of disorganization and inefficiency. The systems of classification are unfair and incomplete. The same kind of work receives very different rates of pay in different departments. There is no system for rewarding ability, and giving a good worker chance for promotion.

The deplorable condition is illustrated by the fact, as brought out by the New York merchants association, that customs inspectors are paid according to the standard of wages of 30 years ago.

The inefficient departments, bound up in red tape and duplicating systems, are employing many more people than they need. In 1913 there were only a few more than 30,000 federal employees at Washington, while now there are about an even 100,000. If the Democratic administration had reduced federal work to a pre-war basis, it could pay decent salaries and keep its best people. Wage earners who think that the Democratic party is specially favorable to their interest, should study conditions in these departments which that party has controlled.

GETTING TOGETHER IN BUILDING

Building projects aggregating 2,500,000,000 are held up as the result of high costs, lack of available capital, etc. The National Building and Construction Congress is taking steps to call a conference of all elements interested in the building trades to be held next January. It is proposed to get everybody together from the architect down to the hod carrier.

Many of the interruptions in the world's work arise from lack of this spirit of mutual consultation. Many people have felt that if the heads of all the European governments could have been got together in one room for about two hours on August 1, 1914, the world would have been prevented.

Much of the trouble in the building trades is due to misunderstandings between capital and labor. Many people on each side feel that those of the opposite faction are hogs. If the two elements could get together regularly and often and discuss their relations and trade conditions frankly, each party would learn more than it knows now, and there would be more chance to unite on harmonious working policy.

The country is suffering for lack of building, and it will look forward hopefully to the results of this conference. It is called none too soon. Every element in the country having anything to do with construction ought to be willing to do its part to start a big building program early in the spring.

The lack of dwellings magnifies industrial discontent. It keeps people uneasy and leads them to move around from place to place as rents increase. High costs of construction not merely prevent new houses from being put up, but they make it very difficult for owners to keep up property. They are a serious handicap to the advance of the country.

From the White House comes the announcement that leadership on the League of Nations issue has become imperative, and that Governor Cox's efforts require guidance.

JOSEPHUS HIS NAVY

An officer of the Atlantic Fleet deplores the "personal fads" socialistic theories and political expedient" which he says characterizes Josephus Daniels' "charistic" rule of our naval policy. He writes:

What is our naval policy? Have we any? If so, who decided it? Are the people of this country perfectly willing to leave this important matter to be settled by Josephus Daniels alone? For the last seven years he has ruled as despotically as a czar. The navy has been practically accused of being of "disciples of Von Tirpitz" and of wishing to "Prussianize the navy." As a fact, he alone has been a "disciple of Von Tirpitz." He alone has used Prussian methods. He has violated traditions, ignored advice and decided the questions on the basis of personal fads—socialistic theories and political expediency.

Let us briefly review the naval policy of Mr. Daniels during the last seven years. From 1913 to 1917 he failed to lift a finger to build a few ships of a type that could be used for the World War. He made no study of the probable needs of our navy, when it was perfectly plain that we would be drawn into the struggle and that we would require destroyers to combat the German submarines. He watched submarine warfare for two years and made no preparations for it—none whatever. Furthermore, he neither encouraged nor permitted officers of the navy to do anything, though they plainly saw the danger and warned him daily.

He worked to make the navy a "great university," not a fighting machine. He treated the navy as a plaything or as the first line of the nation's defense at a time when the world was on fire. The General Board solemnly warned him that "ships without personnel to man them were like so many masses of steel, useless for purposes of war and leading only to a false sense of our national security!" And yet he ignored the General Board. He neglected to provide personnel, and sent the navy into the war in a criminal condition of unreadiness for battle, with ships half manned and crews untrained. The people were grossly deceived as to the true condition of the navy.

COX ON BRYAN! BRYAN ON COX

Out in Nebraska the other day Candidate Cox, realizing that he was in William Jennings Bryan's State, delivered a eulogy of Bryan:

"I have known Mr. Bryan politically and personally for many years. He has been an influence for good. I supported him three times for the Presidency, with my newspapers, my voice and my vote, and would have done so again this year had he been the candidate of the Democratic party instead of myself. As a matter of fact, as a young man I gained from Mr. Bryan's leadership many of the progressive ideas which I have since endeavored to propagate." The Mr. Bryan over whom Candidate Cox was so fulsome is the Mr. Bryan who gave a candid opinion of James M. Cox on May 13 last in a formal statement issued at Lincoln: "Cox's nomination would make the Democratic party the leader of the lawless elements of the country, and his election, if such a thing were possible, would turn the White House over to those who defy government and hold law in contempt. There is no chance of his election, if nominated, but why should any Democrat be willing to support a man whose nomination would insult the conscience of the nation? After disgracing his State he aspires to a position in which he could disgrace the nation."

Does this statement of Mr. Bryan's embrace any of the "progressive ideas" which Mr. Cox professes to admire?

GETTING TOGETHER IN BUILDING

Building projects aggregating 2,500,000,000 are held up as the result of high costs, lack of available capital, etc. The National Building and Construction Congress is taking steps to call a conference of all elements interested in the building trades to be held next January. It is proposed to get everybody together from the architect down to the hod carrier.

Many of the interruptions in the world's work arise from lack of this spirit of mutual consultation. Many people have felt that if the heads of all the European governments could have been got together in one room for about two hours on August 1, 1914, the world would have been prevented.

Much of the trouble in the building trades is due to misunderstandings between capital and labor. Many people on each side feel that those of the opposite faction are hogs. If the two elements could get together regularly and often and discuss their relations and trade conditions frankly, each party would learn more than it knows now, and there would be more chance to unite on harmonious working policy.

The country is suffering for lack of building, and it will look forward hopefully to the results of this conference. It is called none too soon. Every element in the country having anything to do with construction ought to be willing to do its part to start a big building program early in the spring.

The lack of dwellings magnifies industrial discontent. It keeps people uneasy and leads them to move around from place to place as rents increase. High costs of construction not merely prevent new houses from being put up, but they make it very difficult for owners to keep up property. They are a serious handicap to the advance of the country.

This is the new procedure:

Since it has precious grown:

Eat and the world eats with you,

Drink and you drink alone.

Cox complains that the dead keep coming to life. The liquor question won't stay buried and Bryan has abandoned his grave for the war path.

The census shows a decrease of 7000 in Mississippi. The war and high wages in the North made it possible for some of the negro population to escape.

BLOCK ISLAND

Market Whists Begin

The popular weekly Market whists of the local Athletic Association were again instituted for the fall and winter season last Saturday night at the Club's new quarters in Michigan Hall. Owing to the fact that the Islanders have harrily recovered from the summer season's activities and many of the young people being away on vacation trips, a record attendance was not anticipated, although at 8:30 twelve tables were put into play.

The assortment, which was furnished by the Public Market, was awarded as follows: Bag of flour, Shirley Smith; 1 chicken, Miss Ida Hull; 5 lbs. sugar, Joseph P. Mauro; 5 lbs. bacon, Mrs. Mae Allen; 2 lbs. coffee, Miss Gertrude Mott; 5 lbs. lard, Miss Eleanor Conley; assortment canned goods, Miss Leila Littlefield; assortment vegetables, Winifred Conley, Consolations, Mrs. Emerson Mitchell, Martin Mitchell. Official scorers, Edward Tooley, Clarence Lewis.

At the conclusion of the whist ice cream and cakes were served, after which dancing was in order until midnight.

K. of C. Hut Closes

The Knights of Columbus War Activities Club, for the past three years located at Hygeia Heights, New Harbor, closed its doors last Tuesday afternoon when General Secretary Frank J. Ackerman bade the Island adieu and departed for Providence.

During its existence on the Island the K. of C. Naval Club has been an important factor in inculcating a spirit of "public spiritedness" among a vast number of the younger generation and numerous representatives of the "old timers" have spent many happy hours in the little hut upon the hill. All this, however, was in addition to performing an invaluable service to the boys of Uncle Sam's Navy who were stationed on the Island and during the late war. With the departure of Mr. Ackerman the town has lost one of its most progressive citizens, a man who stood for truth and honor and a man who demanded the same from his associates—his every move was aboveboard and straight from the shoulder.

These truly American characteristics won for him a host of admirers, who with the entire community regret his departure but wish him unmeasured success and prosperity wherever his vocation calls him. Lester E. Dodge of Norfolk, Va., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Uriah Dodge, at her home on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mitchell are enjoying a two weeks' auto trip through New England.

The sectional committee of the Good Government Club held a spirited meeting last Wednesday evening at the old Y. M. C. A. building at the New Harbor. Twenty-four of the executive members were present. Three prominent members of the Democratic party are said to have attended and conferred with the executive committee in regard to what is thought to be a fusion movement. According to an announcement from Mr. Ball, who was temporary chairman, another meeting will be held within a week, after which the general public will be enlightened as to the identity of the members and the purposes of the organization.

Gods Galore.

India holds the record for images. It has been estimated that there are 300,000,000 images of the various gods there.

THE COST PLUS SYSTEM

The way Democratic theories of business operate in practice was very prettily illustrated by the operation of the so-called "cost plus" system as used in the war work.

The Democratic administration seemed to be very suspicious of the contract system for getting war work done, and as a result a considerable portion of the work was done on the "cost plus" system. It was believed that if the ordinary contract system was used the contractors would make too much money.

Under the "cost plus" system, a contractor was to be guaranteed his expenses, and then a fixed percentage of profit. It looked well on paper. But as it practically worked, it was for the interest of contractor to have his expenses mount up as high as possible. Even if a contractor meant to be honest, he would easily become careless under such a system.

If his costs ran up to \$2,000,000, and if he was guaranteed 10 per cent profit, he would make \$100,000. But if his costs ran up to \$2,000,000, then his profits would be \$200,000.

It was human nature under such circumstances for many contractors to pay what the employees asked, and also to pay whatever was asked for raw materials. One consequence was to send up wages in some localities away beyond reason. This had its effect on the general labor situation and helped on the rise of prices. As fast as workers got more, the prices mounted to correspond, so they got no benefit.

The contract system would have been better, as it puts contractors on their mettle to do their best and keep costs down, and be satisfied with narrow margins of profit. While it is no use lamenting past waste, yet administrators who work in so unpractical a manner are not suited to handle the public business, either in time of peace or war.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

SEX CONFLICT IN POLITICS

A political speaker expressed concern in a rally held a few nights ago lest women form a distinctively woman's party. He felt that if women maintain a separate organization, and work for certain ends peculiar to women, the results would not be good. If antagonism grew up between the sexes, many women would vote for an inferior candidate because she was a woman and men would vote for an inferior man, to "show the women their place."

The speaker expressed the idea that both party organizations ought to receive women into all clubs and committees, and give them every chance to work through existing organizations for the ends they have in view.

Some people do not like the idea of women's running for office. It strikes them with a bit of a shock, as if the female candidate were overstepping traditional decorum. This feeling will not probably last long. Still, it is remarkable that in the States where women have voted for years, the proportion of female candidates for office is small.

Probably the activities of women in



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1920.

Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Oct. 9 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and the American and Canadian Rockies. Its center will pass southeastward near Salt Lake, St. Louis and Nashville, the n northwestward into the New England States and eastern Canada, occupying about five days in crossing the Continent. Two or three days behind this warm wave a cold wave will follow and carry frosts southward about the average distance for the season.

Precipitation from this storm will be located about the same as for the past three months and together with the preceding storm, will bring the principal moisture of this month. I am not expecting any radical change in the location of moisture until in November. Principal rains come with the severe storms and there is one more severe storm period for this month; it will cross the continent during the five days centering on Oct. 27.

I advise to sow winter grain where the soil is now in good condition. Of course, conditions are never favorable on all parts of the continent and while the crops of 1921 will be much better in some sections than others, the general average for Canada, Mexico and America will be better than usual, and I believe the demand will be all that producers can reasonably ask.

Producers should not be discouraged by future prospects. Bad management of those higher up has caused unnecessary losses, but for 1921 all values will be reduced and therefore the expense of the farm, the mine and factory will be less. Normal market values cannot go back to the low points that prevailed before the World War. Increases in the cost of labor will be compensated by increased values of products as compared with before-the-war values.

ANDREW OF GREECE.

Probable Successor to the Greek Monarchy.

LAYS MURDER PLOT TO BRITISH

Arthur Griffith, Sinn Fein Leader, Says He Is Marked for Assassination.

ASSERTS THAT HE HAS LIST.

Black and Tan Wreck Town to Avenge Mate.—Bombs Hurled by Irish Constabulary in Reprisal for Shooting of Inspector.

Dublin.—Sensational charges that the government itself was responsible for reprisals in Ireland and that a certain number of Sinn Fein leaders were marked for assassination were made by Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn Fein organization, who said he was first on the list of intended victims.

Mr. Griffith, to support his statement, exhibited to the group of American, English and continental newspaper men, to whom he made a long statement preferring the charges, alleged official documents secured by Sinn Fein agents. Among these papers was an official permit alleged to have been signed by Gen. Sir Nevill Macready, military commander of Ireland. It was made out to a man named Hardy, who has had a lifelong career of forgery and imprisonment. Hardy is alleged to have been released prematurely from prison on a ticket of leave signed by James MacPherson as Chief Secretary for Ireland, permitting him to move about freely in Ireland unhampered by police surveillance in the role as Mr. Griffith asserted, of a government spy.

Although accustomed to almost daily sensations, Dublin was greatly excited over the revelations of Mr. Griffith, which were published in one of the afternoon newspapers.

It is pointed out that if the documents are authentic, Mr. Griffith is able to arrest under the defense of the realm act and under the new restoration of order act, for having them in his possession, and particularly a military order relating to a movement of troops not yet carried out. Similarly it is said that every newspaper correspondent transmitting such an order, or the substance of it, and editors of British newspapers reproducing it likewise are subject to arrest.

Mr. Griffith read to the newspaper men a secret order which he said was issued from general headquarters two days after the recent Balbriggan affair, saying:

"There are indications that the measures recently taken by the government for the suppression of disorder in Ireland are beginning to bear fruit,

and have the desired effect on, at any rate, the more moderate section of the Sinn Fein, who are beginning to use their influence to prevent the campaign of outrage. The Irish government hope, if the pressure is maintained and if certain measures they have in view are successful, a great improvement in the situation may take place within two months.

Mr. Griffith charged that Hardy who had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment after confessing to thirty years of crime, was released nine months afterward to act as an agent provocateur, in which capacity he approached the Sinn Fein.

Mr. Griffith said a propaganda campaign in America, representing the Sinn Fein as divided into two sections, with the lives of the Moderates in danger from the Extremists, was organized by Irish government officials to cover the intended murder of Republican leaders and to divide the people by representing the deaths as due to the Extremists.

"I am first on the list," he said, "and the story is to be circulated as in the case of the Lord Mayor of Cork that I was assassinated by extremists because I was urging moderate action. We are aware of the names they have on the assassination list."

The Sinn Fein has published a detailed list of 260 armed soldiers and police who fell into the hands of the "Republican army" since May. It says the men were treated with courtesy as prisoners of war and were released uninjured after they had been disarmed. The Sinn Fein document claimed this proves the organization "is not a huge murderer society."

SUPREME JUDGES VISIT WILSON.

Receives Supreme Court Justices for First Time Since 1918.

Washington.—For the first time since 1918 President Wilson received the justices of the United States Supreme Court, who called to pay their respects. The court convened at noon after its summer recess and immediately adjourned so that the justices might visit the White House.

The annual visit to the President was omitted last year because of Mr. Wilson's illness.

RED ARMY IN FULL RETREAT.

Bolshevik Demoralized—42,000 Prisoners Captured.

London.—The Bolshevik armies are in full retreat, both on the Polish and Crimean fronts. The troops are said to be demoralized, suffering from hunger and deserting in large numbers.

The Polish army headquarters report that the Bolsheviks are near the point of collapse. More than 42,000 prisoners have been captured. Sixteen Soviet divisions were completely defeated.

True bills, charging murder in the first degree, were returned by the Grand Jury, Bridgeport, Conn., against Mrs. Ethel Hutchins Nott, Elwood B. White and John Edward Johnston, accused of slaying George E. Nott and hiding his body in a trunk in an Eastern swamp. All three pleaded not guilty.

DR. HELONIUS-SEPPALA.

Prohibition Commissioner of Finland Now Here.

**N. Y. POPULATION IS 10,384,144**

Country's Most Populous Commonwealth Increased 13.9 Per Cent in Decade.

OTHER FIGURES ANNOUNCED.

Three States Show Gratifying Gains Over 1910 Census—City Drops 1,103 In Account—Revised Total 5,620,018.

Dr. Matti Helonius Seppala of Helsinki is prohibition commissioner of Finland. He came to America to attend the fifteenth annual congress against alcoholism in Washington.

PEASANTS SEIZE LANDS OF SICILIAN BARONS

Occupation of Properties of Absentee Owners a Festival; Monk Waves Crucifix.

Palermo, Sicily.—Thousands of armed men have invaded the large estates of almost the entire island, which is still held in almost feudal condition by the barons. These absentee landlords, whose properties, although not well cultivated, usually yield immense profits, spend most of their time and money in Naples, Rome, Paris and Madrid.

Picturesque scenes were enacted, especially at Alcamo, where peasants marched, waving the national flag, bearing religious standards and singing popular songs. There were leaders from all parties. Socialists, Catholics and former combatants, even the monk, Father Brancatelli, who preceded the crowd on horseback, crucifix in hand, surrounded by staff composed of Catholics and ex-combatants, symbolizing the new alliance of the cross and sword.

Amid cries of rejoicing and prayers of thanksgiving the strange procession occupied the large estate of the Duke of Curiolano. No resistance was offered, despite the presence of police and carabinieri, whose instructions were not to oppose occupation of estates insufficiently cultivated.

Similarly the peasants occupied the estate of Baron Cammarata, Baron Floristello and many others of the gentry. The prefect of Catania was warmly applauded by the people for having issued a decree legally permitting the occupation of estates and their division into small holdings among the peasants who fought in the war.

Only one deplorable incident occurred. Three hundred horsemen from the village of Sant' Angelo Muxaro, led by their own mayor, were returning after having occupied the Muxaro estate, escorted by ten carabinieri and two sergeants, when, without warning, 100 peasants from the neighboring village of Samblago, hidden behind trees, fired, killing one and wounding several others, and then running their escape.

The attack by the peasants is attributed to the fact that the people of Samblago considered Muxaro within their province and, therefore, treated the Santo Angelo peasants as usurpers.

Teachers' Union Failure.

Boston.—The Boston Federation of Men Teachers' Local Union No. 100 will return its charter to the Boston Central Labor Union, ending the attempt to unionize school teachers here. Members of the teachers' union decided to disorganize because of their opposition to the Central Labor Union's stand for equal pay for men and women engaged in the same work.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Another fuel administrator is needed in the United States this winter, and some coal operators "should be indicted at the bar of public opinion or they cannot be at the bar of justice," says a memorandum submitted to President Wilson by J. F. McGee, of Indianapolis, former Federal Judge and fuel administrator for Minnesota during the war.

Secretary Payne announced that Herbert Hoover has been appointed as a member of the Advisory Board of the Eastern Industrial Super Power Survey, now being conducted by the Geological Survey.

The United States Navy is organizing a new fleet of nine warships which

it was officially stated will be permanently based upon the Panama Canal for protection of American and foreign interests in Central America. The fleet will include five cruisers and four gunboats.

Although the American Legion has

again gone on record for the passage of the soldiers' bonus bill opponents of the measure in Congress

are preparing to continue their fight against it, and believe it will be sidetracked in the coming session.

President George W. Grant of the

Boston National League club announced that as a result of the findings of the Grand Jury in Chicago,

which is investigating the World's

Championship series of 1919, Joseph

"Sport" Sullivan and the Brown referred to as a Boston gambler would henceforth be barred from Braves Field.

BEDS and BEDDING

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to supply your beds and bedding needs for now and hereafter

Fine Brass Beds that ought to be \$25.00

\$18.75

Brass Beds that ought to be \$30.00

\$22.50

Brass Beds that ought to be \$10.00

\$30.00

Pure Silk Floss Mattresses that ought to be \$20.00

\$17.98

SOLID MAHOGANY ROUND TIP TOP TABLES

24 inch top with carved clawfoot base ought to be \$24.00

\$15.75

Solid Mahogany Mullin Stands ought to be \$15.00

\$14.25

TITUS'

August Clearance Sale

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE - - - - - \$457,658.66

DILIGENCE

Franklin spoke from experience when he said:

"Diligence is the mother of luck."

By applying diligence to saving, as well as to earning, you can accumulate a fund that will some day make you independent.

Deposit regularly with us.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY.

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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1 BROADWAY**REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND AUCTIONEER**

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

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NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Fresh

All Goods are Fresh</div

A Pound of Cheese

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Beth Browning walked around the village square three times before she gained courage to enter David Prescott's store. It was the only store in the village where one could buy good cheese, and Beth had promised her mother to buy it there.

"Never mind, dearie, if you have quarreled with David," she admonished her pretty daughter. "He has the best grocery in Brookville—and you can't stay away forever. One of you must unbend a little."

"But, mother—" objected Beth, and then smiled at her mother's twinkling eyes. "Oh, well!" she sighed. "I hope he won't be there—I hope Captain Benny's keeping store!"

The gate latched behind her and Mrs. Browning sighed a little, too, as she went into the house. "I am afraid Beth has my obstinacy," she murmured. "Mine nearly wrecked my happiness and Daniel's—and I'm bound Beth shall have another chance—if cheese will do it, I'll eat pounds of it from David's store, just to help things along!"

So that was why Beth walked around the square three times—past the drug store, the stationer's, the post office, the Brookville grocery (with eyes straight ahead!), the meat market, the blacksmith's shop, the lumber yard, the cobbler's, the Gloria ice cream parlors; the Star Dry Goods company, then the drug store, the stationer's, the post office, the grocery, and so on; three times she hurried around with pink cheeks and ruffled eyes, and at last in a little flurry of desperation she mounted the steps and entered.

She was glad to find only one customer there—David was soberly measuring a pound of tea for old Mrs. Sackett.

"Land sakes, David," the old lady shrieked, "I didn't ask for five pounds!



"Land Sakes, Davy!"

Take some out—you're cheating yourself!"

"It's all right, Mrs. Sackett," motored David as he tied up the parcel. "That's right, 70 cents; thank you, ma'am!"

"I hope you ain't getting nervous, Davy," Mrs. Sackett said kindly. "You're hand shuck like a leaf!"

"I'm all right, thank you," he said hurriedly. "You next, Beth," with great unconcern.

"A pound of cheese," said Beth, and before David could move to the back of the store the door opened and admitted several customers. "Never mind, I'll go around there and try it first." She slipped around the end of the counter in her old familiar way, and disappeared behind a tall glass case containing bread and cake. David looked after her wistfully, but she did not see the glances and he went soberly back to his customers.

Beth heard the door open and close several times and then a period of silence. She stood before the great round cheese which she had uncovered and daintily nibbled a small slice. It was good cheese, and she cut another bit, trying to gain courage to go out there and say carelessly: "That's all right, David, I'll take a pound of it, please." But she dared not trust her voice—her heart was thumping in the most unaccountable way, and her faithless knees refused to support her valiantly.

"I'm going now!" she told herself defiantly, but before she had more than stirred, the door opened once more and a sharp, pert voice greeted David with friendly familiarity.

"Hello, Davy Prescott!"

"Hello, Gert," he answered pleasantly.

"I want some sugar," she went on.

"Sorry, but your folks have had a lot of it lately, Gert—I've got to consider all of my customers and treat them fairly."

"Bother!" she laughed merrily. "I ask it as a personal favor, Davy."

"You know I would like to, but—"

There was a determined note in his voice that Beth liked.

"Only you won't do it," finished Gertrude. "Father said you were selling Daniel Browning ten pounds today."

"Your father didn't know," said David slowly, "that half of that was for Mrs. Jones. Mr. Browning was going to leave it at her house."

"Well, if you won't you won't!" returned the girl good humoredly. "And, Davy! The next time you come to

see me don't bring a pound of candy; bring sugar instead!"

David laughed with her. Gertrude made some other purchase and loitered toward the door.

"Have you seen Beth lately?" she asked.

"Not so long ago," he answered without hesitation.

"Indeed! I saw her ten minutes ago riding with Sam Trimmer."

"Humph!" ejaculated the store-keeper.

"Sam's got a new car—cunning little Boller—when are you going to get one, Davy?"

"When I get married," he answered jocularly. "Going to take a honeymoon trip across country."

"That will be sweet—" the door opened and the girl's impudent voice trilled back into the store. "Be sure and get a Boller, David!" Then the door finally closed.

For a little while silence prevailed in the store. Beth stood uncertainly by the great cheese. David hesitated behind the counter. Then, as often happens, they both started forward at once and almost collided. Beth's elbow striking the great glass cover of the cheese and sending it crashing to the floor.

"I'm so sorry, Dave," she cried penitently.

"It's nothing," he assured her. "How much cheese do you want, Beth?"

"A pound, please," she quavered.

David's hand seemed very uncertain that day. Even Beth noticed that the cheese knife wavered a little, cutting a jagged slice that weighed more than a pound.

"That's all right," he asked, his gray eyes on her charming face.

She nodded and he saw that tears were very near.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh—it's what—Gertrude—said about Sam Trimmer! It was such a fib—and the other things she said about my riding with him were just as untrue."

David nodded. "I hope you'll forgive me, Beth!"

"I do—Davy."

"How about the—wedding trip, dear—in the Boller car?" he whispered.

She laughed through her tears. "It will be wonderful—with you—and you will come to supper now? Mother will be so glad."

"I'll carry the cheese home for you, Beth." And putting on his hat and coat he locked up the store for the night. Folks said he was crazy to close the store at 4:30, and for once in his life David had lost his reason as well as his heart.

The Empty Stage.

The desire to go on living is the passion and sin of the old man and the scorn of the young. The young do not see death and the old see nothing else, or rather for the young it is a figure of the imagination and to the old a reality that conquers or would conquer the imagination. Indeed, when we are young, for us, whether men or women, there is fascination in the scythe Time holds in his hand. We gather round it and examine it and admire its tragic sharpness and its terrible swiftness; but old people, whimpering and trembling, stand round the hour-glass and are careful lest anything should agitate the glass and the hands that hold it. In youth we do not see death, the stage is too crowded. In old age all the actors have left—and they were only actors—and death remains sitting patient on his stool.—(Further Letters of John Butler Yeats.)

Why Four Wives?

In the scripture four wives were allowed, and this practice was copied by the Moslems.

To the casual reader it may seem curious that the number should have been placed at four, but we find the following explanation by a Moslem student:

"Four wives are allowed by Moslem law and for this reason: If you marry one wife, she holds herself your equal, answers you and gives herself airs; two are always quarrelling and making a hell of the house; three are 'no company' as two of them always combine against the nicest to make her hours bitter. Four are company; they can quarrel and 'make it up' amongst themselves, and the husband enjoys comparative peace."

Babies and Music.

At birth there is no sense of melody, no apparent consciousness of rhythm. The infant will, however, jump nervously and sometimes cry at loud sudden noises and will soon begin to smile or coo its soft, sweet sounds. It is very important, therefore, to shield babies from loud, sudden, discordant noises, and to surround them with melodious sounds that naturally please them. Indeed a nervous, fretful baby can often be soothed by soft music.

Music is as natural to the human being as speech. Do not let your child's musical instinct starve in his infancy. Teach his babyhood in music, that his manhood may enjoy to the utmost this God-given heritage.—Exchange.

Easy Business Hours in Mexico.

The business hours in Mexico are from 9 to 12 o'clock and from 3 to 6 o'clock. Between 1 and 3 o'clock everyone sleeps or gossips, and after 7 o'clock none of the shops is to be found open.

That Is, Some Men.

Before marriage a man has been known to declare himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love, and after marriage to spend about two-thirds of his time proving it.—Chicago News.

Efficiency's Reward.

Efficiency, like virtue, has to be its own reward and when a man does a big job well everybody says anybody could have done it.—Ohio State Journal.

Aren't People Queer?

Exchange—"Mr. John Roberts has gone south following his recent ill ness." Foolish to follow it; he should be glad to get rid of it.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan)

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

1857-1913, William Howard Taft born in Cincinnati,

1878—Graduated at Yale.

1887-90—Judge of the Superior Court.

1890-2—Solicitor General of the United States.

1892-1900—United States circuit judge.

1900-04—Commissioner in and governor of the Philippines.

1904-8—Secretary of war.

1909—Inaugurated twenty-sixth president, aged fifty-one.

WHEN Roosevelt and Taft rode up Pennsylvania avenue on March 4, 1909, it was the first time since Jackson and Van Buren had passed that way side by side, more than 70 years before, that a retiring president would not have preferred another seat mate and successor than the one whom the fortunes of politics had thrust upon him.

Roosevelt alone selected his successor.

Naturally, everyone assumed that we were to have a Roosevelt administration by another name, and it was expected in the campaign that the ex-president would not go farther away from the White House than Oyster Bay. Instead, he plunged into the depths of Africa.

The fate of William Howard Taft would be pathetic if he himself had not met it and borne it with a smile.

He was abler, more upright, more independent than some far more successful presidents. But by bent and training he was a Judge, and the

more he was a Judge, the less he was

likely to venture into the flames of passions that blind men alike to the merits and demerits of almost every president while he remains the central figure of partisan strife. "A statesman who is dead," said Thomas B. Reed.

In this age of ours, when men are

going to school to learn business and farming and all manner of vocations, it was natural that there should appear in the White House a man like Woodrow Wilson, who had learned politics in the classroom rather than in the wardroom. The eighth of our Virginia-born presidents—in reality he is not

so much a president as a statesman.

Wilson had the weakness of his

strength. He thought he was strong enough to make president. But real presidents are born, not made.

The moment Roosevelt was gone,

the standpatters, the reactionary forces

emerged from their seven and one-half years in the cyclone cellar.

The moment the political broncho felt

the tenderfoot on its back, it bucked

and threw Taft from the seat of leadership.

The next thing the rank and file of

the Republicans knew, the party was

slipping back into the old rut from which Roosevelt had jerked it.

They laughed out loud when they saw him actually sit down in the governor's chair and begin to play politics out of a book.

Of all things, it was a book which he

himself had written in his youthful

school days, a thesis for his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins. The young graduate-student made the discovery that our Constitution created a vacuum, which the bosses had rushed in to fill.

But the people refused to go back.

Eight months after Taft's inauguration, the election of 1910 sounded a clear warning of the disaster that

overwhelmed the party in the congressional election of 1910, and which all but destroyed it in the presidential election of 1912.

According to a story that was told

of Taft, a curious stranger asked a gatekeeper at the Union station in Washington where he would stand the best chance of seeing the president in the few spare hours that he had between trains. "Right where you are," was the reply. "He's always either taking a train or getting it off one."

Taft was the first president to draw

the present salary of \$75,000.

Congress had also adopted, two years before he came in, the custom of allowing \$25,000 yearly for the traveling expenses of the president, and he became the great presidential traveler, making a record of 160,000 miles in four years, as he went about the country appealing for a reversal of the verdict against his administration. And he strove to turn back the tide, which only sported with him.

After having elected him by 1,200,000 plurality, the people parted with

Taft more in sorrow than in anger.

They did not question that he was a good president, but that is a secondary consideration. A president must be

first of all a politician and a leader.

Thought He Had Treasure Trove.

Harry Lee, a negro laborer, helping

to pull down an old residence in Baltimore, unearthed a metal box about

a foot in diameter, expectantly re-

moved the rusty lid, and found inside

a sack containing several old coins,

dated in the early part of the eighteenth century, and two old flints.

After having elected him by 1,200,000

plurality, the people parted with

Taft more in sorrow than in anger.

They did not question that he was a

good president, but that is a secondary

consideration. A president must be

first of all a politician and a leader.

Isolate Ripe Olive Bacillus.

San Francisco.—Isolation of the bacillus held responsible for the death

of a number of persons who had eaten ripe olives and its identification

as a product of the soil was announced

at a meeting here both of olive grow-

ers, packers and distributors and a

committee of medical experts.

Make Address Sure.

When wrapping magazines for the

mail, the important thing is to make

sure that the magazine and its wrap-

Charles M. Col., PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, Newport.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

PARIS PLADS MAD

Fashion Land Seized With Fad for Black and White.

Color Combination Prevails in Skirts, Suits and Jackets—Laces in the Limelight.

After months of subdued colors and deepest mourning Paris has been suddenly seized with a fad for wearing plats and plads in black and white. Since a few dressmakers displayed some summer models with black-and-white designs in accordion plats, the novelty has been taken up along the boulevards, and after a popular run at the races continued in favor long after the usual time for such innovations had expired.

Plats are coming out stronger and bolder. And black-and-white check skirts and suits are now included in the models. The fabric makers are showing plaided braid, and dressmakers have accepted the patterns. The black-and-white craze has not left the male apparel untouched. Suits in black-and-white stripes and black-and-white checks are numerous in the show windows and on the streets. At the race-courses black or white jackets with black-and-white striped or checkered skirts predominate.

Other combinations are in white chiffon trimmed with black embroidery or black net embroidered in big white flowers, and likewise there's any amount of black lace worn over white satin. A popular model is a white silk



Sport outfit with black-and-white wool skirt with popular checks and accordion plats; topped with black sweater and white striped scarf.

Jersey with black lace inserts, relieved with white motifs. Coarse linens will be worn, although quite expensive. Another dainty innovation is the revival of the figured parasols and organdy dresses. Painted dresses, with batik flowers, will afford cheerful combinations in color with the graceful parasol.

ARTICLES MADE OF RIBBONS

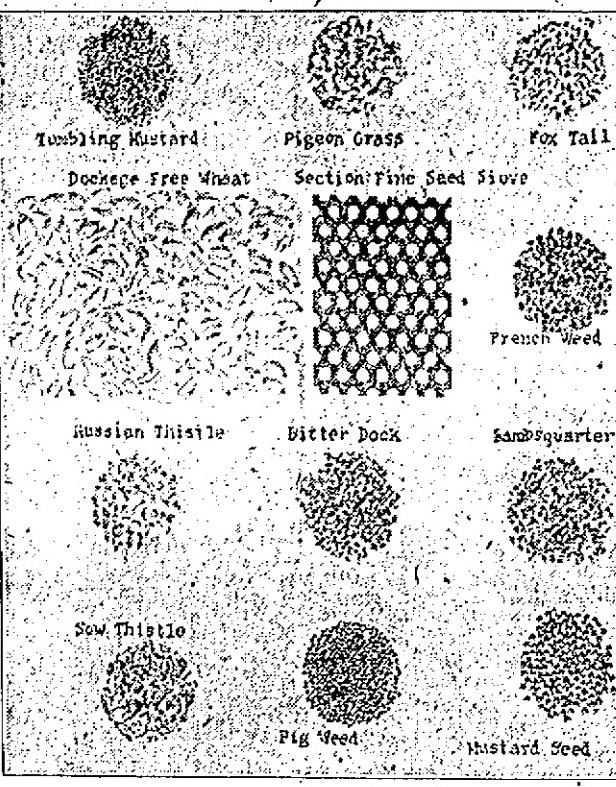
Handbags and Purses Afford Interesting and Popular Form of Home Needlework.

Various articles made of ribbons are extremely effective and all have some definite and practical use. Women have taken to making their handbags and purses of them—a popular form of home needlework. Frames of various shapes and sizes may be purchased in the shops and the ribbon selected to bring out any color that one wishes in the costume. This offers a great advantage, giving as it does a chance to be entirely individual in this article of dress. In a handbag fashioned from ribbons one may be just as decorative or conservative as one wishes.

Perhaps the easiest type of ribbon bag to make is the long, narrow one, somewhat on the order of the miser bag. For this take two lengths of ribbon as wide as you wish your bag to be and stitch them together at either side. Then gather them at the top and join them to one of the bows bracelets, which may be purchased in any Oriental shop. The bag may be embossed or finished across the bottom with a brilliant fringe.

A bag that is simple of construction, yet rather important in appearance, has a pouch-shaped foundation of metal brocaded ribbon, over which is placed a flounce of plain ribbon to half the depth of the bag. The edge of the flounce is cut in the form of points after the manner of the fashionable petted frock.

DOCKAGE PLAN OF FEDERAL GRADES



Weed Seeds Found in Wheat May Seriously Affect Its Value.

The percentage of dockage is an essential factor in arriving at the true value of a lot of wheat. This dockage may consist of either useful or harmful foreign materials.

The various methods of handling dockage should be carefully investigated and the one that is best suited to the needs of the local conditions should be adopted.

When a large percentage of dockage is present in wheat it is advisable to remove it on the farm or at the point of shipment and thus avoid paying the freight for the dirt, chaff, weed seeds, etc., on the basis of the rate for wheat.

The farmer should get a higher numerical grade for his wheat under the dockage system of the federal grades than he would under a system of grading that does not require a determination for dockage but lowers the grade on account of the total foreign material present in the wheat marketed at country points.

The dockage system in operation protects the farmer from the possibility of low prices fixed by the local buyer in order to insure a safe purchase on a flat-rate basis.

Write the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, for a bulletin discussing "Dockage Under the Federal Wheat Grades." It will be sent free on request.

In grading wheat under the federal standards one of the fundamental principles is to determine the numerical grade on a dockage-free basis; that is, the dockage is first removed from the sample and the grade determination is made on the clean or dockage-free wheat. A few exceptions to this principle are noted in the following pages.

What is dockage?

The foreign material usually found in wheat may become mixed with the wheat while growing, or with the grain at the time of threshing, or in the elevator or other place of storage during the various processes of handling or marketing. The presence of foreign material in wheat at the time of threshing may be the result of impure seed, or of certain weather conditions which are unfavorable to the growth of wheat plants but favorable to the growth of weeds. If the seed is carefully selected, cleaned, tested and treated before planting, if care is exercised in the cultivation and crop rotation, and if the wheat is carefully threshed and cleaned at the time of threshing, there should be ordinarily very little foreign material present when the crop is marketed. The foreign material in wheat may seriously affect its value in that it often increases the cost of milling and causes injury to the baking qualities of flour. Therefore, that factor is considered in the inspecting and grading of wheat. The amount of dockage present has a bearing upon the commercial value of a lot of wheat. Especially when present in large amounts, it is a factor of considerable importance to the parties interested in the marketing or storage of grain.

The purpose of the dockage provision in the wheat standards is to enable the person grading the representative sample to determine the approximate amount of foreign material that is in the lot of wheat. Dockage is therefore approximately the percentage of foreign material which can be readily removed from the lot of wheat by the ordinary commercial types of cleaning machinery commonly found in grain elevators and mills.

The dockage test is made ordinarily by weighing about 1,000 grams of wheat (about two and one-quarter pounds), which should constitute a representative sample. Grams are used instead of other units for ease in determining percentages.

Modern Girl.

A Clay Center physician sent the office girl out to do collecting, according to the Dispatch. She was back in less than an hour with a ring, a marriage certificate, a man, and \$1, all of which she had collected.—Kansas City Star.

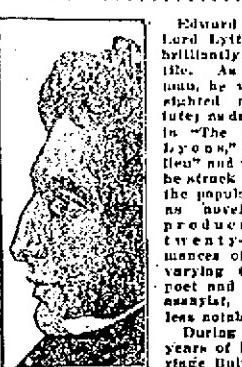
The Way of a Man.

If a man's car is on time every day for a month he accepts the service with a grunt. If it is late ten minutes one day he throws a complaint fit of dissatisfaction and wants to overturn something that is right side up.—Toledo Blade.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

BY EDWARD BULWER LYTTON
Condensation by Prof. William Finckel Hart



Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was brilliantly versatile. As statesman, he was far-sighted and astute; as dramatist, in "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu" and "Money," he struck and held the popular taste; as novelist, he produced some twenty-four romances of widely varying types; as poet and political satirist, he was less notable.

During the early years of his marriage Bulwer was wedded to increasing production by the need of making money. Although his wealthy mother's purse was open to him, her disapproval of his marriage and his work was so firmly expressed that he finally had to refuse her maintenance.

The consequent driving necessity accounted somewhat for his facility and his quick sense of what the public was going to like next.

By means of sparkling epigrams in his fabulously popular novel, "Pelham," he early achieved a reputation as a man of the world. He then occupied himself with the crime-novel and the romance of mystery. "The Nature of Thackeray" and others in "Praeger's Magazine" drove him away from the field of literature and biography, and delayed his entry into history for subjects. This produced "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Astarte," and "The Law of the Barons." In "The Coxcomb" he founded the "true cult of the colonists." This and two more of his best works responded to the popular demand for domestic novels.

Tales of mystery next attracted the public and Bulwer created a sensation by "The Strange Story," which came to him in a dream, and "The Haunted and the Hauntings," one of the most perfect ghost stories in English literature.

Finally, he wrote novels and satires of society. His very versatility perhaps prevented his digging deeply into reality.

LISTEN to an English nobleman paint a picture of the rise in his country of that trading bourgeoisie which is so much in the talk of today. The leaders in the strife are Edward the Fourth, trader-king; and Richard Neville, earl of Warwick, king-maker and "Last of the Barons." Around them cluster the lives of many others in the great struggle. The scene is set for the Battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, in the Wars of the Roses.

"Raw, cold and dismal dawned the morning of the fourteenth of April, the Easter Sabbath." In the fortunes of that day were involved those of all the persons who hitherto, in the course of this narrative, may have seemed to move in separate orbits from the fiery star of Warwick. Now, in this crowning hour, the vast and gigantic destiny of the great earl comprehend all upon which his darkness or its light had fallen; not only the luxurious Edward, the perfumed Clarence, the haughty Margaret, her gallant son, the gentle Anne, the remorseful Isabel, the dark guile of Gloucester, the rising fortunes of gifted Hastings—but on the hazard of that day rested the hopes of Hillyard, and the interests of the trader Alwyn, and the permanence of that frank, chivalric, hardy, still half Norman race, of which Nicholas Alwyn and his Saxon class were the rival antagonistic principle, and Marmaduke Nevil the ordinary type. Dragged inexorably into the whirlpool of that mighty fate were even the very lives of the simple scholar, Adam Warner, of his obscure and devoted child, Sibyl. Here, into this gory ocean, all scattered rivulets and streams had hastened to merge at last.

"But grander and more awful than all individual interests were those assigned to the fortunes of this battle, so memorable in the English annals—the rule or triumph of a dynasty; the fall of that warlike baronage, of which Richard Neville was the personification, the crowning flower, the greatest representative and the last associated with memories of turbulence and excess."

It is true, but with the proud

est and grandest achievements in our

early history; with all such liberty as

had been yet achieved since the Nor-

man conquest; with all such glory as

had made the island famous—here

with Runnymede, and there with Cros-

sby; the rise of a crafty, plotting, im-

perious despotism, based upon the

growing sympathy of craftsmen and

traders, and ripening on the one hand

to the Tudor tyranny, the republican

reaction under the Stuarts, the slav-

ery and the Civil war, but on the other

hand to the concentration of all the

vigor and life of genius into a single

and strong government, the graces, the

arts, the letters of a polished court,

the freedom, the energy, the resources

of a commercial population destined

to rise above the tyranny at which it

had first complained, and give to the

emancipated Saxons the markets of

the world. Upon the victory of that

day those contending interests, this

last alternative in the future, swayed

and trembled.

Despite the stilted language of an-

other day and the portly size of the

volume, "The Last of the Barons" is

read today because the characters

who play so large a part in one of the

great human struggles toward liberty

are all human beings and not mere

puppets. The story is one of intrigue

and of battle, centering nominally in

the Wars of the Roses and the strug-

gles of the two great houses of York

and Lancaster; yet the interest is far

larger than a mere dynastic one; the

rise of the middle class to power at

the expense of the baronial, the growth of a national spirit in place of mere individual loyalty to a feudal chieftain, is the important thing in this manifestation of class-consciousness, the plain people uniting with the trading townsmen against the nobles.

The great earl, who had made Edward the Fourth king, found himself for very personal reasons trying to unseat that prince and to put in his place another Edward, of the house of Lancaster, heir to Henry the Sixth, whom Edward of York was holding a prisoner in the Tower. Yet Warwick was not an easy one; while his younger daughter was married to Edward of Lancaster, his other daughter, Isabel, was the wife of the king's younger brother Clarence, who was as yet the midwife to the throne. However things might go, a Warwick might some day sit upon the throne of England—if one did not take thought of the possibilities that lay hidden behind the inscrutable smile of the king's youngest brother, Richard, duke of Gloucester. But Warwick was at heart fighting the battle of aristocracy, while the king was with the current which was converting an agricultural into a trading population. With Warwick was his powerful fighting brother, Montagu; with him—or against him, who could tell?—was his other brother, the faulch archbishop who aspired to be a pope, whose mansion was at once a school for youth, a court for middle life, an asylum for age, whither as to a Mecca fled the lepers and the arts.

In the end, Warwick found himself in open battle against the king he had placed upon the throne. The impulsive and fiery temperament of Edward the Fourth was rendered yet more fiery by the indulgence of every intemperance. His very virtues strengthened his vices; his courage stifled every whisper. It almost seemed as if he loved to provoke a danger for the pleasure it gave his brain to baffle or his hand to crush it. And yet he had a shrewd policy which perhaps drew him knowingly into the quarrel with Warwick, which merely his evil passions seemed to provoke. "I wish to raise a fresh nobility," he said, "to counteract the pride of the old; only upon new nobles can a new dynasty rely." This was the Yorkist principle of humiliating the baronial and raising the middle class. It was easy of execution at a period when a martial aristocracy was beginning to merge into a voluptuous court.

Warwick was defending freedom for the barons. Robin Hillyard was struggling to win freedom for the people as against king and nobles.

Yet the earl and Robin found themselves fighting in the same army. "Neither white rose nor red shall be on my banner," cried Hillyard, "but our standard shall be the gory head of the first oppressor we can place upon a pole." We are taxed, ground, pillaged, plundered—sheep maintained to be sheared for your pence or butchered for your war."

Through the cause of the gentle Henry in the Tower Robin saw greater freedom for the people.

War is not the only theme of the book, however. The intrigues of the queen's family, the patient diplomacy of the blit and revengeful Margaret of Anjou, queen of the king in the Tower, the love of the gentle Anne Neville for Margaret's son Edward, the influence of royal marriages on the fate of nations, the struggles of the Lollards, predecessors of the Puritans who caused Charles the First so much trouble; the fine Italian hand of Richard, duke of Gloucester; the long and patient toll of Adam Warner, scholar who dreamed of harnessing steam to his machine Eureka to do the work of the world long before the world was ready to have its work done by any such magical means; the chicanery of Friar Bungay, adept in all the secret arts of the time, who thought to steal poor Adam's secret from him; but above all else the troubled tale of love of the beautiful daughter of the scholar, Sibyl, and the great and powerful Lord Hastings with fate ever playing cruel turns against the girl as well as against the father—all these are part of this fascinating historical romance which author and public united in calling one of the best that came from the prolific pen of Bulwer Lytton.

Warwick lost and Edward won. And with the earl perished Hillyard, as he bravely met his death. Robin cried: "The People are never beaten!"

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Iron Furnace to India.

Pioneers of the Iron Industry throughout the country may recall the stack erected several years ago at Battelle, Ala., which was abandoned because it was too far from raw materials and had inadequate transportation facilities, says a Christian Science Monitor's Birmingham (Ala.) correspondent.

For 11 years the furnace stood inactive until the war brought the demand in Mesopotamia for railroads to move troops and supplies. In August, 1917, the old stack at Battelle was bought by a group of iron makers, who took it down piece by piece, shipped it to New Orleans and loaded it on a steamer for India. This is said to be the first iron furnace to cross the sea and make iron on two continents.

Keep the Kitchen Clean.

The kitchen is the most important room in the house from a health standpoint, says the United States public health service. Keep everything about it and everyone in it scrupulously clean.

Hip Length Capes.

The charm of other days is faithfully mirrored today in hip-length and shoulder capes composed of tiers of lace—preferably chantilly.

Comment of the Week

Local Campaign The stage is now all set for the local campaign, the state conventions of both parties having been held during the week, the platform of principles adopted and the candidates nominated for the various offices.

The Republicans, no doubt, will be the successful contestants at the polls on November 2. The list of nominees contains not one name of a person who has ever been returned a loser at any previous election. The confidence of the people have been justified by the successful progressive records of their respective administrations, and there is no element of uncertainty as to what might be expected of them. Four of them — Messrs. San Souci, Parker, Rice and Jennings — have already served the State in various capacities, and no one at any time has ever been heard to say other than the highest words of praise for them, both as officials and as citizens. The other gentlemen on the Republican ticket have held political offices, and their administration of these posts have been such as to highly recommend them as the first choice of the electorate.

The proud record made by the General Assembly during the past two years is one that is sure to commend itself to the thinking voter. Economy where it would not impair efficiency has been practiced religiously. The improvement in the conservation of the State's finances has been continued. The credit of Rhode Island in a monetary way is much better than ever before, and an evidence of this is attested by the high premiums paid for the bonds issued for the soldiers' bonus.

All the constructive measures passed by the General Assembly have had their inception from Republican sources. The past two years have seen several important laws enacted that have already proven of immense benefit to the citizens of the State.

The government of Rhode Island has been entrusted to Republican hands for many years past, and the successful discharge of these obligations always is but an indication of what can be expected of them in the future.

It is now only a question of how many votes the ticket that is headed by Mr. San Souci will win by. It has been conceded by those of the opposition party that the plurality should be enormous, one prophet estimating it to be at least 15,000.

Party harmony plus past successful administrations and the confidence of the people all combine in favor of the great Republican party.

Weak Candidates The Democratic party held their convention on Tuesday, and to say that it was a typical Democratic convention is sufficient. Edward

M. Sullivan of Cranston was nominated as its standard bearer. Mr. Sullivan was twice a candidate for Attorney General. In 1906 he lost by 4768 votes, while James H. Higgins, Democrat, was elected Governor by 1318. The following year Mr. Higgins won by 2295 votes, while Mr. Sullivan lost by 4921.

Mr. Sullivan later ran for various offices in Cranston for three years without success, and during the years 1910-11-12, when a bitter wrangle split the Republican party, he was elected Mayor of that city. Every year since he has been a candidate for Mayor he has been defeated each time. Taken in its entirety his political record has not been productive of much success, and he is probably as weak a candidate who has headed the Democratic party in recent years.

The rest of the ticket is much of the same calibre, and were it not necessary to go through the form, it would have saved much labor and humiliation if no ticket had been nominated.

Cox Has Not Support of Prominent Democrats With election day only about three weeks away, prominent administration Democrats who had promised to help Governor Cox in his campaign have as yet not stirred themselves in his behalf. William Jennings Bryan, Champ Clark and others who have always helped the candidates of their party are apparently proceeding on the theory that "silence is golden."

Governor Cox is so irresponsible in his speeches that none of his supporters are certain as to what he is liable to do next. His wild charges about corruption funds have made some of his cohorts chary lest they affect the things near home. The saintly Charlie Murphy, the pious Mr. Brewster and the unsullied Tom Taggart must certainly deplore his statements regarding "boodle" funds and the buying up of voters, and we can picture to ourselves this group of porists holding up their hands in holy horror at the thoughts of the contamination that would be produced by contact with a healthy campaign fund.

As the time nears for the verdict of the people at the polls on their choice for President, it must indeed be galling to those of the office-holders who feel constrained to vote on strict party lines for so weak a candidate as "Jiminy" Cox. His unfitness for so high an office has been emphasized by his every utterance since his nomination, and his abilities are such as would command him only to the little ward leader.

Straw votes taken in various parts of the country under varying conditions testify to the unpopularity in which he is held. Demagogery and its attendant evils have no place in a presidential election.

Pursuing the even tenor of his way, Warren G. Harding is daily gathering thousands of new voters to his standard. His antipathy to the Wilsonized League of Nations is held in common by the vast majority of Americans. His wonderful record in Congress stamps him as one who is familiar with the problems of the country and shows him to be possessed of the ability to grapple with them in a statesmanlike way. His elevation to the Presidency would soon restore things to a normality. It is a reflection on this country to know that after the actual cessation of war two years have passed and the nation is still in the grip of higher prices and unsettled conditions. It is with great expectations that the people of America will look to Senator Harding to solve these problems.

Governor Coolidge has been met with great receptions wherever he has gone, and with his services to supplement those of Mr. Harding, no fear is felt of the ultimate return to pre-war conditions.

Carlsbad Always in Danger. Carlsbad, the famous health resort, is built on a crust, underneath which is a subterranean lake of boiling water, and all the hot sulphur springs have to be ceaselessly watched and the pressure kept down lest the town be destroyed.

High-Sounding Titles.

Chinese emperors are never mentioned by name from the moment of their accession, and are generally allowed to be known only by some such title as "Lord of a Myriad Years," or "The Son of Heaven."

BASEBALL HEROES

Baseball players have been idolized by the multitudes who love the game, and many people find it hard to realize that any of them prove unworthy. The good ball player is adored by a circle of worshippers. To the small boy he is a demigod, and is watched with awe and reverence as he swings along the pavement.

A commonplace appearing fellow in ordinary clothes becomes a great public character when wearing the uniform. The leading men of the community are proud of his friendliness.

These players get more flattery than is good for them. Many of them become stuck on their abilities, and let up on training and soon disappear from the professional diamond. The fellow who makes a successful professional over a period of years needs a lot of common sense, and usually has it.

Many people have felt, whatever corruption might exist in American life, that baseball was one thing that was kept honest. The scandal now agitating baseball circles has made some people feel they have cherished illusions. Evidently the gambling fraternity, who usually consider that every man has his price, have felt that a sufficient consideration would tempt a good many of these fellows to show the yellow streak. But it is easy to exaggerate such manifestations. One crooked player could throw discredit on a hundred that are straight.

Unless suspicion of crookedness is removed, attendance on professional ball games will witness a slump. The public will not pay its money to see contests that are set up in advance. The managements understand this perfectly, and have given evidence of determination to clean out the purchasable element.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Ernest C. Bullard, of Long Beach, California, to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated August 18th, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Volume 20, at pages 21, etc., of the Land Evidence of the Town of Jamestown in the State of Rhode Island, with said mortgage and the note and claim thereby secured were afterwards transferred, assigned and set over to Silvester Ferraris, of the City and County of Newport in the said State of Rhode Island, breach of the conditions of said mortgage having been made and still existing the undersigned will sell at public auction as a whole in front of the first parcel of land hereinabove described On MONDAY THE 11th DAY OF OCTOBER A. D. 1920 AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON all the right, title and interest which said Ernest C. Bullard had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey, in and to those two certain lots or parcels of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Town of Jamestown and bounded and described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL. Bounded North-easterly on Lot No. 17, on hereinafter mentioned plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on lot numbered 13 on said plat, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on lot number 19 on said plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on Grinnell Street, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land, and being lot numbered 18 on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

SECOND PARCEL. Bounded North-easterly, on land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on Coronado Street, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on land now or formerly of Stephen G. Carr, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on other land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land; and being lot numbered 18 on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgagee deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof.

And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuation or adjournment thereof.

STEPHEN FERRARI, Assignee of said Mortgage, MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Signs of Consumption.

What are the early symptoms? The patient may have neither cough nor expectoration. He feels tired in the afternoon, and wakes tired in the morning. His appetite is poor, and he begins to lose weight or to stop growing. He is easily exhausted after exercise. Anyone who notices these symptoms in himself should consult a doctor. In any family, rich or poor, in which one member is known to have consumption, all the others should be examined by specialists.

"Mapping" the Air.

The greatest discovery yet made in exploring the air is that the atmosphere consists of two layers, the lower extending from sea level up to 10,000 meters, in which there is a steady fall of temperature with elevation. This is called the troposphere. Above this there is no fall, and up to 20,000 meters a slight rise. The upper layer is known as the stratosphere. It is actually possible to fly for an airplane to rise from the ground to the bottom of the stratosphere, say about six miles, in one hour. If we want to explore somewhat higher, say 20 miles, we install light instruments on a sounding balloon.

Quar Little Isle.

The smallest dependency of France is the Ille d'Yeu, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 279. They do not speak French, but Celtic. They are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. The town has no streets.

No. 1565 THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND
REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1920

RESOURCES

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$18,349.59 |
| Overdrafts, unsecured, \$788.69 | 788.69 |
| U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation | 100,000.00 |
| U. S. Bonds pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable | 100,000.00 |
| Owed and unpledged | 3,129.93 |
| Total U. S. Government securities | 203,129.93 |
| Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged | 160,265.00 |
| Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S. | 160,265.00 |
| Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock | 300.00 |
| Value of banking house | 4,960.00 |
| Equity in banking house | 22,616.00 |
| Furniture and fixtures | 1.00 |
| Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank | 52,505.25 |
| Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks | 198,210.40 |
| Exchanges for clearing house | 13,215.74 |
| Checks on other banks | 14,162.09 |
| Total | 225,889.23 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer | 5,000.00 |
| Interest earned but not collected | 3,818.05 |
| Other assets, if any | 9,500.14 |

TOTAL

LIABILITIES

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Capital stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 65,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 21,624.46 |
| Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid | 9,719.25 |
| Interest and discount collected or credited in advance, not earned | 11,845.22 |
| Circulating notes outstanding | 2,283.89 |
| Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank, including deferred credits | 98,200.00 |
| Net amounts due to national banks | 14,161.93 |
| Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies | 11,659.53 |
| Certified checks outstanding | 49,338.24 |
| Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding | 2,053.40 |
| Total | 79,403.78 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 783,500.46 |
| Certificates of deposit | 29,478.80 |
| Total of demand deposits | 762,979.32 |
| Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank | 87,400.00 |

TOTAL

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ss:

I, GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of September, 1920.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public

Correct—Attest:

FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL
WM. H. LANOLEY
WM. R. HARVEY
Directors.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING? USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS

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No. 1562

Reserve District No. 1

REPORT
OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, September 8, 1920.

RESOURCES DOLLARS

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Loans and discounts including: | \$19,051.15 |
| red accounts | 92.43 |
| Overdrafts unsecured | 92.43 |
| Total U. S. government securities | 201,361.15 |
| Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S. bonds | 83,692.03 |
| Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock | 1,400.00 |
| Stock of Federal Reserve bank Stock | 1,400.00 |
| Equity in banking house | 20,700.00 |
| Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank | 57,987.55 |
| Capital stock and net amounts due from National banks | 98,769.43 |
| Exchanges for clearing house | 11,713.07 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer | 6,500.00 |
| Interest earned but not collected on notes and bills receivable not past due | \$7,774.80 |
| Total | \$82,571.82 |
| Liabilities | Dollar |
| Capital stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 50,000.00 |
| Undivided profits | 21,782.86 |
| Less current expenses and taxes paid | 2,222.58 |
| Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate) | 2,677.61 |
| Circulating notes outstanding | 109,000.00 |
| Certified checks on own bank outstanding | 202.89 |
| Individual deposits subject to check outstanding | 116.43 |
| Certificates of deposits due in less than 90 days (other than for money borrowed) | 533,623.80 |
| Dividends unpaid | 14.40 |
| Total | \$532,811.87 |

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true